WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 18

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FRANCES E. WILLARD
RECITATION BOOK

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Biographical Sketch.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD.

FRANCES E. WILLARD, { Born at Churchville, N. Y., September 28, 1839.
Died in New York City, February 17, 1898.

Not by the page, word painted,
Let life be banned or sainted.
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.
—*Whittier.*

FEW persons have lived in any age whose power for good has been as remarkable and as widely extended as that of Miss Willard. Both by intellect and by education she was fitted to be a leader. The radicalness of her views was tempered by her logic, and her logic, in turn, was tempered by her heart,—a magnificent trinity of tools for a reformer. "Were I a woman, I would rather have been Frances Willard than the Queen of England," said a New York clergyman on hearing of her death.

Miss Willard was next to the youngest in a family of five children. When she was but two years old her parents removed to Oberlin, Ohio, and the next five years of her life were spent in the shadow of the great college. Then came another move, this time in three emigrant wagons, to Wisconsin, where the twelve most important years of her life, the formative years, were passed. In 1858 the final move was made, and the Willards settled down permanently in Evanston, Ill.

Through all the changes of home, Miss Willard's education had not been neglected. Madame Willard was quite competent to direct the youthful mind, and for five years she was

her daughter's teacher. Then came the district schoolhouse and, later, the Milwaukee Female College. In 1859 Miss Willard was graduated from the Northwestern Female College, at Evanston, and at once began to teach; for forty years ago the only opening for a woman who had aspirations above a life of domesticity was teaching school. For the next sixteen years Miss Willard devoted herself to what she then believed was her lifework, and for the last four years of this period she was president of the Evanston College for Ladies, which was afterward joined to the Northwestern University, and professor of æsthetics in the University itself. Her training during this time proved to be of incalculable value in her later and greater work. To control and to impress one's ideas on a class of restless, often unwilling, students presages ability to control and to sway larger audiences.

The Women's Temperance Crusade in Ohio in 1873 turned Miss Willard's attention to the great reform movement to which she devoted the remainder of her life. She resigned her position in the colleges, and in 1874 was one of the body of women that organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, at Cleveland. She was corresponding secretary of the new society for three years. In 1879 she was elected president, and this office she held until her death.

That "the child is father of the man" is very true in Miss Willard's case. Hers was a bold spirit. Out-of-door life with her brother gave to her a vigor and a freedom that the house-trained child knows little of. She knew how plants and animals lived, and was the proud possessor of a set of carpenter's tools, which she knew how to use. She walked on stilts, played marbles, and even broke in a cow to the saddle. This last diversion was attempted only in a ravine far from the house. When her brother dared her to walk in front of him and let him point a loaded gun at her, trigger raised, she took the dare; and the same spirit that filled her then, inspired her later as a leader.

From the beginning of the W. C. T. U. the story of that organization is the story of Miss Willard's life. Besides

being its president, she was editor-in-chief of the *Union Signal*, the official organ of the society. In the early days of her temperance work she refused all pay, so great was her spiritual enthusiasm. She determined to live by faith, sure that the Lord would provide for her in some way. But the provision did not come; and at last, almost broken down from privation, she was compelled to take another view of the situation and write to the W. C. T. U. a statement of facts, asking them to give her the salary she had refused.

It was such incidents as this that gave her her wonderful insight into human nature. Above all things else her womanliness shone out. It breathed in every word that she spoke and on every page that she penned.

As an orator, Miss Willard has been likened to Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher. From childhood she had been taught to express herself. When but four years old she used to imitate the students at Oberlin as they practiced their orations, and she retained vivid memories of the eloquence of the president of the college, Mr. Finney. It was her mother who taught her to speak pieces, and the first declamation that she learned was the one that tells how "Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell." In England, as well as in America, her ability on the platform was recognized. "At her best, very few speakers, either men or women, have surpassed her," wrote an English journal at the time of her death. "She had, of course, a strong Western accent, but her voice was deep and rich and most exquisitely modulated, and to the English ear remarkable, if only for its resemblance to Mr. Gladstone's. She was full of homely wisdom, epigrammatic, pointed, and full of great literary quality; and her higher flights of eloquence, sustained and beautifully balanced in their phrasing, will remain as some of the most remarkable feats of eloquence in the language."

Had Miss Willard devoted herself to literature, she doubtless would have taken the same high place that she did as a leader and an orator. Her greatest book, "Glimpses of

Fifty Years," has a freshness and a charm that makes it delightful reading. But her pen was too prolific and her life was too divided to permit her to do justice to her writing. The height of her ambition, she once confessed, was to have an article appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the king of all magazines in her estimation. She even ventured once to send an article to the editor, but it was declined, and she never sent a second one.

Miss Willard was the tie that bound together temperance workers all over the world. "There was very little of Frances Willard that could die," and the importance of her work will be borne in upon the world even more strongly a few years hence than it is to-day. Already she is to be honored by having a carved presentment of her face as one of the group of faces of famous women that decorates the column caps of the magnificent western staircase in the capitol at Albany, N. Y., the State of her birth. The cause that she loved so dearly and to which she willed her small property, though no longer under her immediate guidance, will feel the impetus given to it by her thought and wisdom for many years to come. The lines that she laid down for it to follow are broad enough to serve it until the temperance cause shall have outgrown its usefulness by accomplishing its end.

WERNER'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 18.

Frances E. Willard Recitation Book.

IN SATAN'S COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BEHOLD His Satanic Majesty in cabinet council assembled, with his minions and emissaries just returned from this sin-stricken earth. Each brings the latest news concerning the endless conflict between darkness and light, ignorance and wisdom, sin and righteousness. Each gives the most carefully-considered suggestions for the building-up of Satan's kingdom—for the multiplication of murders, robberies, outrages, and conflagrations.

"Permit the suggestion, your Majesty," says one brimstone-colored satellite, "that you build a new distillery at Spiritsville, for at that place the church people are growing rapidly in power."

"Not at all," tartly replies he of the horns and hoofs. "Don't you know better than to be always showing your hand in that fashion? Do this instead: Put it into the heart of John Barleycorn, proprietor of the distillery I have already there, to subscribe a thousand dollars toward finishing the church."

The order was entered in lurid letters on the books, and emissary Number Two proceeded to report:

"In Temperanceville they have so few saloons that the young men are rapidly getting out from under thy sway, and I humbly suggest the imperative necessity of a special order on the Stygian Manufactory for six well-instructed and experienced imps, who shall put it into the heads of six men, now engaged in other business, to open six saloons, as business is so lively at Cincinnati and Peoria that we can spare none of our already enlisted forces."

"Tut! tut!" roared the devil. "I can beat that device with only half trying. Send a beer-drinking pastor to Temperanceville and let him preach in favor of the Business Men's Moderation Society, and show up the idiotic theories of those stiff-necked teetotalers."

Number Three now ventured to suggest that in Tippleton the women had opened a Sunday afternoon meeting and had given out that they should offer a free lunch at the polls at the approaching election day. He therefore asked for a detailed escort of friends who should be commanded to set fire to the temperance reading-room and drive the president of the W. C. T. U. raving distracted.

"You are a callow young limb of perdition to go so clumsily about your business," roared the devil. "I won't send a special squad, for they are all employed in the saloons working up the voting lists against the next election, in the interests of the whiskey governor; but do you go and put it into the head of Deacon Setbones to prove to that W. C. T. U. president that the Scriptures do plainly teach that it is a sin and shame for a woman to speak in any public place, and that the whole spirit of Christianity is set against the insane notion of a woman's undertaking to preside at an electioneering lunch down at the polls."

And now comes the last and most lugubrious-looking messenger, with his doleful story to relate:

"I ask that pestilence and famine be let loose, for I am terribly alarmed for the stability of thy kingdom in the province of which Chicago (otherwise Beeropolis) is the chief city. For be it known unto Your Majesty, there is a serious

revolt among those whom thou hast kept in strict subordination, lo, these centuries! The women are rousing themselves to the cry of 'home protection,' studying into the structure of the government, tracing back to their source the temptations that have so admirably succeeded in capturing boys and men for thy great armies. These frightful women, neglecting their proper sphere and the submission that has been so long their convenient characteristic, have actually dared to publish figures showing that the majority of voters is on thy side and that thus thou dost hold thyself in power by keeping thine ambassador, King Alcohol, intrenched among the people."

Here the fiendish messenger turned a sickly yellow and gasped with rage, as he concluded his awful revelations in these words:

"They even ask—and many ministers, church editors, and other strong allies of Him whom thou didst tempt and crucify are asking for them—the power to vote upon all questions relating to the sale of alcoholic drinks!"

Oh, what a scene was that! The devil quaked in every limb, his sharp knees smote together, and a howl of hellish hate and rage rang through the sulphurous air of the dark council chamber, as he cried:

"Away with you, fools that you are! Talk of letting loose famine and pestilence! If things have reached this pass, if the women have discovered that the side always wins which has the most votes, let me make haste. I'll send no stupid, clumsy-footed subaltern in an emergency like this! I'll steal in among those timid and silly rebels who have always hated me and sought the triumph of Him who wore the thorn-crown, and from a thousand pulpits I'll declare that woman leaves her home on this vile errand at the peril of society; that you can not carry temperance, much less the Gospel into politics; and that on the day when woman votes, the home will fall in everlasting ruin, and woman herself turn into a Jezebel!"

Exeunt omnes.

PROHIBITION'S BUGLE CALL.

MRS. LIDE MERIWETHER.

MEN of purpose, sound the tocsin
For the fray;
Men of courage, raise the war-cry,
Lead the way!
Through the darksome forest streaming,
Lo! the dawn of thought is gleaming
And the sun of action beaming
Into day;
Men of purpose, truth and courage,
Lead the way!

Lo! the waiting ground is ready
For your toil;
Men of purpose, firm and steady,
Break the soil!
Thickly sow the good seed over,
Straight and true the furrows cover,
Rout the hungry birds that hover
For the spoil.
Woman's friend and children's lover,
Break the soil!

Foeman strong, with roar and rattle,
Flock around;
Soldiers in the coming battle,
Stand your ground!
No time now to halt or blunder—
Cleave their gleaming ranks asunder,
While the nations watch and wonder,
Smile or frown.
Through the cannon's smoke and thunder,
Ride them down!

Men of purpose, sound the tocsin
  For the fray;
Men of courage, shout the war-cry,
  Lead the way!
Hand in hand, in strength outgoing,
Heart to heart, with love o'erflowing,
Breast to breast, with fervor glowing,
  Lead the way!
Men of purpose, strength and courage,
  Win the day!

WHY I OBJECT TO HIGH LICENSE.

REV. J. B. TURNER.

I OBJECT to high license, first, because the scheme is acceptable to the liquor interest. It meets the views of honest (?) saloon-keepers, for it would, in reality, be their best protection, and not inimical to their interests. Exactly so. Especially so, since the rumble of coming prohibition fills their ears. The Brewers' and Distillers' Association of Illinois have decided to make no objection to the existing law before the present Legislature and let things take their course. They are satisfied with it. Their experience with license laws in general has taught them that behind the law they have nothing to fear. Protection is just what they want; the withdrawal of protection is just what they fear.

Second, high license corrupts the source of authority—the people. It may not be true that it is advocated principally for purposes of revenue. It is only claimed that this is no slight consideration. It is true, nevertheless, that every such law, sooner or later, comes to be valued chiefly as a means of revenue, to a degree that haunts the public conscience and sadly influences public opinion as to glaring evils. As long as a large portion of the nation's revenue comes from the

present sources, it will be a strong obstacle to effective dealing with the whole evil.

Third, high license does not touch the evil itself, and it ought to be barred for this reason, if for no other. The curse is in the decoction sold, not in the price paid for the privilege of selling it nor in the character of the man who sells.

Fourth, high license gives to the liquor business a semblance of respectability. It gilds the trap, makes it more alluring and correspondingly more dangerous. I know that it is advanced as a plea for high license that it will make the saloon respectable. The saloon can not be made respectable, but you can give it the guise of respectability.

Fifth, high license practically erects a liquor oligarchy. One effect of such a law as is proposed will be to produce and sustain a banded liquor monopoly. This is contrary to the whole spirit of our laws and constitutions. "No principle, says Judge Pitman, "is more firmly implanted in the American mind than that which John Adams placed in the bill of rights prefixed to the constitution of Massachusetts: 'No man, nor corporation, or association of men, have any other title to obtain advantages, or particular and exclusive privileges, distinct from those of the community, than what arises from the consideration of services rendered to the public.'"

Sixth, high license has proved to be a failure in practice. Testimony to this fact may easily be multiplied by one who cares enough for the facts to investigate. It fails to answer the expectations of its friends in every particular in which good results are claimed for it.

Seventh, high license is wrong in principle.

In refusing to accept high license, we are, therefore, neither foolish nor inconsistent. We are doing only what honesty and conscience demand. We want our governments, State and national, to come up besides those of China and Madagascar, which refuse to derive a revenue from that which degrades and destroys their people. We want State and national prohibition. It does prohibit. While liquor dealers move earth and hell to postpone and defeat it, we need no stronger

reasons for pushing it. The evidence is complete, the argument is invincible, the conclusion is thundered into our conscience. Let us bring in the verdict and close the case. High license will not do, for that which is wrong in principle can not be good policy, and a question is never to be settled until it is settled right.

THE TOAST.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

POP! went the gay cork flying,
Sparkled the gay champagne;
By the light of a day that was dying
He filled up their goblets again.
"Let the last, best toast be 'Woman—
Woman, dear woman,'" said he;
"Empty your glass, my darling,
When you drink to your sex with me."

But she caught his strong, brown fingers,
And held him tight, as in fear,
And through the gathering twilight
Her voice fell on his ear:
"Nay, ere you drink, I implore you,
By all that you hold divine,
Pledge a woman in tear-drops
Rather, by far, than in wine.

"By the woes of the drunkard's mother,
By his children who beg for bread,
By the fate of her whose beloved one
Looks on the wine when 'tis red;
By the kisses changed to curses,
By the tears more bitter than brine,
By many a fond heart broken—
Pledge no woman in wine.

"What has wine brought to woman?
Nothing but tears and pain.
It has torn from her heart her lover,
And proven her prayers in vain;
And her household goods, all scattered,
Lie tangled up in the vine.
Oh! I prithee, pledge no woman
In the curse of so many—wine!"

THE WORLD'S PROBLEM.

MRS. MARY CLEMENT LEAVITT.

IN the past, many mission fields were so free from the drink curse that missionaries might well be excused if they did not foresee what the coming decades had in store for them; nor in the early days of missions, nor when some of the elder living missionaries were young, had the temperance reform produced that horror of the evil effects to be expected from the introduction of drink which is now felt by all Christian souls. These courses combined to prevent such outspoken positions against drink in many missions as would be taken now.

At the present moment, both missionaries and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union are confronted with a most appalling state of affairs. Individual traders from nearly every country of Christian Europe and also from the United States have deluged and are continuing to deluge equatorial Africa with drink. England and France have forced drink upon Madagascar by treaty clauses which that government detests but can not resist. England is using all her governmental power and prestige, building distilleries and breweries, promoting or failing to promote native officials as they forward or hinder the sale, or almost force the natives

of Hindustan, Burmah, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements to take to drink.

American brewers declare that our ambassadors and consuls in South America have helped them to build up a profitable trade there. The sugar planters have lately learned the trick of making a very destructive distilled liquor from the refuse of their sugar mills, and are deluging the countries with cheap rum. Thus, two new elements are added to the universal wine drinking of past centuries and all its evil results. The brewers also disclose that by the help of our ambassadors and consuls, they hope to build up a trade in China as profitable as that in South America.

How does this tide of drink affect mission work? In the minds of the people of many nations, Christianity and drink are so closely connected that Christian and drunkard are interchangeable terms—especially is this the case in Hindustan. Together with opium it is hated by native patriots and thinkers as an evil introduced by Christians to destroy their people and give the country over to the destroyers, hence they hate Christianity.

Among the savage tribes of Africa it debases and stultifies to such an extent that the work of missionaries is greatly hindered; indeed, they must keep ahead of the drink if they would do their best work in Africa. The words of an African chief, repeated to me on the banks of the Congo by the missionary to whom they were uttered, will ring in my ears till the day of my death: "I have heard about your religion. It is a good religion. But you are too late. Why did not you God men (the African term for missionaries) come before the drink came? The drink has eaten out my people's heads, and they can no longer understand any good thing. The drink has hardened my people's hearts, and they no longer desire any good thing. You are too late! Why did you not come before the drink came?"

What is the problem before us? Nothing less than wresting the world from Satan and giving it back to God.

THE UPAS-TREE.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE sprang a tree of deadly name,
Its poisonous breath, its baleful dew,
Scorched the green earth like lava-flame,
And every plant of mercy slew.

From clime to clime its branches spread
Their fearful fruits of sin and woe;
The Prince of Darkness loved its shade
And toiled its fiery seed to sow.

Behold! the axe its pride shall wound,
Through its cleft boughs the sunbeams shine,
Its blasted blossoms strew the ground—
Give glory to the Arm Divine!

And still Jehovah's aid implore,
From isle to isle, from sea to sea,
From peopled earth's remotest shore
To root that deadly upas-tree.

WHAT IS TEMPERANCE?

L. B. COLES.

INTEMPERANCE lays a foundation for all the moral evils that ever annoyed human society. There is no species of outward sin that is not liable to result from this form of iniquity. It leads men to break every command in the decalogue, to violate every principle of the gospel. It destroys all natural affection, annihilates all human sympathy. It lays the noble workmanship of God, made a little lower than the angels, below the meanest brute, converts the higher

elements of his nature into the likeness of the blackest demon of the bottomless pit.

What is temperance? To be temperate in the use of a good thing is to abstain from an undue use of it; but to be temperate in regard to a bad thing requires total abstinence from it. Every degree of the use of a hurtful article is intemperance. To be temperate in regard to alcoholic liquors and all unnatural, artificial stimuli is to let them wholly alone.

THE SALOON IN POLITICS.

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK.

THE American saloon sits supreme in American politics. It governs in caucus, convention, canvass and ballot-box, and will continue its destructive, defiant reign until an aroused American conscience shall bury it out of sight forever beneath an avalanche of indignant ballots. Two hundred thousand dramshops control our politics. Our voting population go to and fro under the hallucination that either the Democratic or the Republican party, with varying fortunes of success or defeat, is in power. It is not so. Neither of these parties dares strike a blow at the saloon hard enough to knock out of its ranks the distillers, brewers and dramshop keepers. The Democratic party says boldly, "We won't." The Republican party regretfully says, "We can't."

Those who wield the largest political influence in this country are the obedient servants of the liquor traffic. In the gilded saloons of the cities, or dingy bar-rooms of the cross-road tavern, under the clashing, brutalizing influence of drink, 70 per cent. of our political primaries and caucuses are held. Our pure, bright, well-educated boys, on coming to their majority and wishing to take a part in the government of the country, discover that the entrance to politics is through the door of the saloon. Their first lessons in practical politics are received where bad men and corrupt poli-

ticians clink their glasses and drink to the success of their party.

Nearly, or quite, one-fourth of the whole population of the United States dwell in our cities. Fifteen millions of our people have their homes where the saloon is most strongly intrenched, where it wields its malign power in municipal politics, where blatant demagogues manipulate lazy loafers, where the vicious classes make the dramshop paramount, and where the public conscience sleeps and snores under the soothing cry of "loyalty to party." The effect of the saloon on politics in the United States is evil and only evil, and that continually.

KEEP THE RECORD CLEAN!

MRS. HARRIET W. REQUA.

[The last words of John B. Gough were: "Young men, keep your record clean."]

KEEP the record clean, young man! I say this, leaning
Out from a deck that strikes the unknown seas,
While memory's flambeau lights all intervening
Between life's brimming chalice and its well-drained lees.

Oh, keep the record clean as I did not do it,
Through the long years in which my sin and shame
Scarred up my life, blighted and overthrew it,
While each high purpose of the soul burned out in smoking flame.

Keep the record clean, young man! If I could tell you
How from that conflagration, quenched at last,
A secret smoldering burned like fires of hell—oh,
How those ashes rose 'twixt me and Heaven!—you'd stand aghast.

Keep the record clean, young man! A fiery centaur
With paces marked in blood stalks through the land.

Will you unlock your door and bid him enter,
  Spread for his feast your soul, each power and purpose grand?

Keep the record clean, young man! An ocean bubbles
  In a witch caldron vast, an ocean red,
Dyed from the vine and from men's veins; with troubles
  Seasoned; stirred thick with souls and bodies of the dead.

Will you step in then? Oh, you may escape it,
  For Death flaunts out his ensigns on that road.
Take the path leading to the right and ne'er forsake it;
  It lies among the grand beatitudes of God.

Oh, will you keep the record clean? Here on the threshold
  Of the celestial palaces I pause to win,
If it be possible, another, before the untold
  Sublimities of God unfold to take me in.

ON WHICH SIDE ARE YOU?

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

NO voter can help holding one of the four following relationships to the saloons in his community: That of ignorance, apathy, complicity, or protest.

No man of the smallest intelligence can be *ignorant* of the fact that the saloon is to-day the chief destructive force in society; that the cumulative testimony of judge, jury and executive officers of law declares that fifty per cent. of the idiocy and lunacy, eighty per cent. of the crimes, and ninety per cent. of the pauperism come from strong drink; that the saloon holds the balance of power in almost every city of ten thousand inhabitants; that it is the curse of working-men and the sworn foe of home.

Apathy will doubtless account for the strange attitude of many voters, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true." The voice of Rachel crying for her children, and refusing to be comforted because

they are not, falls on their dull ears, but fails to reach their hearts. The physically weaker and unrepresented class cries out, "Look there!" while the finger of public scorn points at the dramshop's open door; and broken-hearted women ask the unanswerable question, "Why do you permit this awful temptation—on one corner of the street the church, on another the schoolhouse, between them our homes, the dearest places upon earth, and just across the street the dram-shop, tempting our best beloved to ruin, and hedged about by the guarantees and safeguards of the law? Why do you permit all this; why must we suffer it?" I can but think the men are few who will remain much longer shut up in the stronghold of their apathy, regardless of the plea and protest of American womanhood.

Conscious *complicity* with the saloon must certainly be rare among voters of intelligence, but unconsciously, perhaps, tens of thousands stand in this odious relationship to the accursed liquor traffic. Suppose the question were asked of any reputable voter, "Would you cast your ballot for a candidate who was pledged to license gambling?" he would reply with indignation, "I am insulted by such an implication. License gambling! Never, by my consent." But if you, my friend, vote to license the liquor traffic, I beg you to take notice that the saloon is the home of gambling—its natural *habitat.* It is the home of every vile and evil thing; the greater includes the less, and every time you vote to license the saloon you have deliberately voted to license gambling, immorality and every abomination which you can possibly imagine. You have placed the royal prerogative of citizenship, your ballot, as a link in the chain of causation, which shall lengthen itself out into every misery and every sin. You are in complete practical complicity with the gigantic crime of crimes. You are doing precisely what the saloon-keeper would have you do—what he is willing to pay bribable men for doing. You are his strongest friend, his most coveted partner, his most invincible ally.

Surely you are not willing to stand in this despicable relation of complicity, in the presence of sorrowful humanity and

offended omnipotence? Take, then, the only reasonable and righteous attitude toward the greatest question of your time; let your ballot, which is your witness and goes on record with its solemn testimony, be your *protest* against the infamy of legalizing and deriving revenue from the sale of poisonous drinks. You are responsible for one vote—just one. Let it be cast with the solemn sense of your individual relation to the question now to be decided. Take that glorious motto of Harlan Page: "I will act as though there were no other one to act," and then so act that if the majority would follow your example, the saloon would speedily become an outlaw and an Ishmaelite on the face of the earth.

"But I should lose my vote; the majority is bound to go the other way." Is it possible that a good man can beg the question thus? Such a reply classes him who offers it side by side with every saloon-keeper whose business to-day ranks him among the offscouring of the earth. The invariable excuse of these men is: "If I didn't sell, somebody else would!" Are you willing to parody their words and parallel their actions by reiterating, "If I don't vote wrong, somebody else will!"

Let me beseech that you henceforth hold no other relation to the saloon than one of open, manly, steadfast *protest*, by your *ballot* as well as by your influence and prayers. Take toward this crime of liquor selling the same attitude that you do toward other crimes. If a murder is committed in your vicinity, is it nothing to you that you have no part in it? If laws are violated—as they are every day in the year—is it nothing that you continue law abiding? If the illicit sale of alcoholic drinks goes on, is it nothing that this is done over your protest in your high character of citizen-sovereign? Have the sons of our country, with the noblest inheritance of moral training that manhood ever yet enjoyed, become dim-eyed to moral distinctions? Is the clear, clean outline of God's blessed "Thou oughtest" (thou owest it) blurred to the vision of this generation? Nay, verily, prohibition is sure to win, and to win by your votes; and may God speed the day of its blessed victory!

A GOOD, GREAT NAME.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

[On hearing the church-bells ring at sunrise on the 155th anniversary of the birth of Washington.]

"A GOOD, great name!" So speak the bells
In deep, clear tones that come to me
With one of history's noblest spells,
And tune my heart to patriot's key.

"A good, great name!" What millionaire
Has ever been remembered so?
What selfish life may ever share
The praise that makes these echoes flow?

"A good, great name!" It speaks to me
Of love to God and love to man;
Those unities in which agree
Both Now and Here, both There and Then.

"A good, great name!" The tuneful bells
Ring on and on in their delight,
While my glad heart with purpose swells
To serve my country with my might.

"A good, great name!" It is the goal
Of all this splendid world can give;
Its conquest well may nerve the soul
For man to die, for God to live.

"A good, great name!" O Washington!
We may not climb where thou hast stood,
Crowned with the people's loud, "Well done!"
A Pharos in time's rolling flood.

But to our measure's perfect height
Let each climb on toward generous fame.

So may the future's bells delight
  To ring for us, "A good, great name!"

Or sweet and low, the human heart
  Shall gently chime our holier fame;
Beyond the magic of man's art
  It shall sing on, "A good, great name!"

TEMPERANCE ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

REV. GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.

[From address delivered on Bartholdi Day.]

TO-DAY we have been inaugurating the world-renowned Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World. To-night we will unveil the grander statue of temperance enlightening the universe. As yonder bronze Colossus towers in stature and beauty over all other statues in the world of art, so shall our Temperance Goddess yet tower above every opposing, every rival, power in the world of moral and political reform. As from that colossal torch in the sky blaze forth the rays of electric fire that is to illume sea and land and to guide the storm-tossed mariner safe into our mighty harbor, so from the torch of temperance and prohibition, lifted on high before States and nations, shall stream forth the light of righteousness and salvation for souls and nations from the abyss of the ruin of rum.

As this sublime statue symbolizes the league of France with America by which the nationality and liberty of America were achieved a century ago, so the genius of temperance and prohibition to-day stands for a new league between all that is best of the old political parties of this country in order to rear upon new combinations a new organization for a nobler liberty than the old, a higher and holier freedom than the world ever saw before. As this statue celebrates the victory

of American independence over the oppressive despotism of the Old World, so shall coming generations rear colossal and glorious monuments to symbolize the victory of the temperance cause over an oppression, a tyranny like which the world never saw another—the bloody and damning tyranny of the rum power.

As the erection of this glorious statue is to-day celebrated by assembled myriads, by banners and processions and acclamations, by rolling drums and echoing cheers and cannon thunders, so the time shall come when assembled nations, amid rejoicings that shall shake the globe, shall behold that old serpent, that devil and Satan of alcoholism, bound in the great chain of total abstinence and absolute legal prohibition and cast into the bottomless pit, whence the smoke of its torment shall ascend forever and ever.

As often, then, as we cross our great rivers of New York harbor, as often as we see that colossal form looming up, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, let us make it for us a symbol of our holy cause, an emblem of the liberty that saves men from the rum demon and lights them on to sobriety on earth and salvation in heaven.

BANISH THE SNAKES.

H. E. P.

'TWAS St. Patrick—good luck to the day he was born in—
Who banished the shnakes so arly wan mornin',
An' de'il a wan av the crayters came back
To Erin to crawl on his vile, crooked track;
An' niver a frog or a toad jumped a rod
Since that day on ould Ireland's emerald sod.

God blissed our St. Patrick who scattered the crayters,
But lift us the shamrocks an' finest petaters.

Sure if he was here now we'd sind in a petition
To banish the whiskey straight down to perdition.
For 'twas a mishtake to give rattleshnakes passes
An' lave us the sarpints that lurk in our glasses!

THE SALOON IN RELATION TO MORALS.

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST.

THE saloon is an agent for the corruption of the morals of the home of every man who is a patron of it. The man who mediates between the saloon and the family carries the morals of the saloon into his family rather than the morals of the family into the saloon. Especially is this so if the patron be the father or the head of the family. As surely as a man carries the fumes of beer on his breath and breathes it into the face of his family, so surely does he carry the moral atmosphere of the saloon with him back into his house.

The saloon is a direct attack upon our children. The deadly "Family Entrance" is the trap-door through which hundreds and thousands of children are led down into the death which the saloon-keeper has prepared for them. It is a misdemeanor for a saloon-keeper to sell liquor of any kind to a minor under the age of fourteen years, or to allow any child under fourteen years to enter his premises. Against this "minor clause" the saloon-keepers fought most desperately, and though they failed to defeat the law, they do not hesitate to defy it and break it whenever they can, without conscience and without fear. The saloon-keeper knows full well that his nefarious and damnable business would die out in a decade unless he can keep the ranks of his victims steadily recruited from the company of children in the neighborhood where his saloon is located. The saloon kills off its victims so fast that, unless new patrons can be raised up by corrupting the boys and the girls, the business would die out in ten years. Surely this is a question in morals that every father and

mother is bound to consider. Am I to sit silently by and see this combination of excise commissioners and saloon-keepers spin their deadly webs about the feet of my boy without doing what I can to circumvent his plans and, if possible, destroy his power?

The saloon breeds a moral pestilence in every neighborhood where it is located. One has only to pass slowly through the crowd of loafers who infest the saloon doors to have his ears assailed with coarse vulgarity, loathsome conversation, and beastly jokes, not to speak of shocking profanity.

The saloon is the instigator of most of the violence and the mother of nine-tenths of the crime of our cities, and yet the excise commissioners say they have nothing to do with the morals of this question. Violence and crime are at least a phase of morals that one would think these officers of the law ought to have something to do with. Every saloon is a hot-bed of violence and murder. They are the human slaughter-houses of the country in more senses than one. And yet we have an increase of them at the rate of one hundred and five every four months in the year. Not to protest, not to act, is to acquiesce, and that is complicity with the evil.

The saloon power is threatening the utter destruction of the quiet of the Lord's day. It is flatly against the law and in violation of the solemn obligation of every man to whom a license is granted to sell any of his wares on the Lord's day. Nevertheless, this monster of incarnate lawlessness, in spite of law and in defiance of it, carries on its business day and night throughout every day in the year.

The saloon-keeper is a flagrant and defiant law-breaker. I have already said as much, but let me say it again. The saloon-keeper says: "If we may not sell liquor on the Sabbath with the consent of the law, we will do it in defiance of the law." Every such saloon-keeper is a deliberate and determined law-breaker and a criminal. Let the principle of the saloon-keeper prevail and we have a rebellion which in its effects will be more deadly than the one that cost the nation billions of treasure and more than a million lives to put down.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

HATTIE F. CROCKER.

IT is only a knot of ribbon white,
As white and as pure as the snow,
It shines and gleams like a beacon light
In the world's dark valley of woe.

It is worn o'er many a loyal heart,
O'er hearts that are good and true,
To help the sinning away from the dark,
And give them a life anew.

All over the earth, from South to North,
From the East to the golden West,
It whispers of woman's sterling worth
As it trembles upon her breast.

It tells of a purpose staunch and firm,
Of a purpose holy and pure;
It tells of a victory that shall come
If the strong hearts shall endure.

It is only a bow of ribbon white,
But it shines in every land;
It shines as an emblem of the right
In the woman's Christian band.

On the rich and poor, on the young and old,
This badge of love we see,
And its snowy sheen is the key of gold
That shall unlock liberty.

It silently speaks of the sweetest praise
That ever a poet sung;
It is ushering in the better days,
And the victory sure to come.

WHY SHOULD I SIGN THE PLEDGE?

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

"I'M not a drunkard."

"I don't drink anything to speak of."

"If I *want* a drink I take it; if I don't I let it alone."

"I never take so much that I don't know what I am about."

"I can drink little or much; it never hurts me."

"I can drink or let it alone."

"Why should *I* sign the pledge?"

Because:

First, you don't want to be a drunkard. I never found a man that did; and the disappointment of men who wake up to find themselves drunkards is something too terrible to take the slightest chance on, and a pledge of total abstinence taken and kept will turn any man or woman from the path of the drunkard and the shame to which it leads. A deliberate promise is the strongest tether with which any man can bind a good purpose. You have a purpose to be sober, reliable, pure; then bind the habits of your life to it with a solemn promise to abstain forever from all intoxicating liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and you are safe from that dragon.

Second, you should sign the pledge and stop all use of intoxicating drink, because if you drink it ever so moderately you are in danger. The subtle poison of alcohol has just one way with human blood and nerves and brain, and if you take one glass to-day of light wine, you are in the path that leads to the drunkard's death. You may follow in the road that is filled up with drunkards, who all began with the first glass, which opened the gate to all that has followed of shame and sorrow.

Third, you should sign the pledge even if you never touched a drop of alcoholic drink, that your name and influence may

be on the right side of the question; if you have a boy or girl, that you may lead your child in the right way; as a citizen, for the sake of the tempted and weak who need the strength which would come to them from your name on the pledge; as a member of society, that the social world may sooner adopt the fashion of purity; as a man, that every other man and woman may know just where you stand, and that no one shall dare call your position in question. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, or anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended or is made weak."

THE PROMISES AND THE PERILS OF TEMPERANCE REFORM.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

IN quantity if not in quality there is something novel in both the hopes and the fears of the temperance cause at the present hour. The American people, at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, usually comes to its senses and shakes off any evil that threatens to be fatal. It did so in the conflict with slavery, and it may be expected to do so in the greater conflict with the saloon. Although I hope we shall tide through our conflict with the saloon without a military contest, I am not so certain that by and by it will not be necessary to put down the whiskey syndicates by the strong arm of the law, supported by bayonets.

To begin with the list of promises, first, I assume that, in the world of science, the justifiableness and expediency of total abstinence have been settled once for all. He is benighted and belated who is not a total abstainer.

The second promise is the broadening of the education of the young in the newest inculcations of science. We have now in this Republic more than thirty States and Territories in which the children are under laws requiring scientific instruction con-

cerning alcoholics and narcotics. Unflinching prohibition is likely to be carried at last by the votes of that majority of children in English-speaking countries who are now receiving instructions in the latest inculcations of science concerning total abstinence.

A third element of hope is found in the wide arousal of all free populations to their political duty concerning the liquor traffic. The dethronement of the saloon is the greatest issue in American politics. We are far more nearly a unit on the matter of the conflict with the legalized liquor traffic than the politicians dream. As in religious affairs denominationalism separates us, so in political affairs a miserable political denominationalism separates us. But we work together in great crises, and so it will be found that the rising deluge of temperance sentiment will lift itself above denominationalism, and we shall see one level body of water stretching over it, so that when a billow is raised anywhere, it will break at last on all the shores.

The perils of the liquor traffic to-day, like slavery fifty and seventy years ago, are sprinkling the land with the earliest blood of martyrs, that ought to be the seed of gigantic reforms.

The first peril is the perversion of compulsory temperance instruction by the inculcation of loose views concerning moderate drinking. It is an enormous triumph for the temperance people to have obtained compulsory instruction in the schools as to the latest science in reference to alcoholics and narcotics. But if, instead of text-books that represent sound and honest science, there are introduced into the schools sly apologies for moderate drinking, we are assassinating the youth of our land. It is time for us to attend carefully to our choice of school-committees, as well as to the choice of mayors and aldermen; it is time for us, in short, to resolve that this great educational height, which we have attained with so much labor, shall not have the guns we have placed upon it reversed and fired into the bosom of the youth of the land.

A second peril is the negro vote of the South We have

now 8,000,000 of colored people in the South. Education in temperance is the thing most needed among the freedmen of the South.

The third form of mischief is the international activity of the liquor traffic in poisoning populations hitherto temperate.

The next peril is the partnership of the national Government in the profits of whiskey manufacture. We never shall be able to dethrone the liquor traffic in American politics until we cease to be silent partners in its gains.

The last emphasized peril is the national unity of the liquor traffic, and the application of its power as a whole to nearly every important local issue of a political kind in which the interests of the liquor traffic are at stake. The only adequate measure of relief from these perils is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together of our educational, social and religious, as well as of our political, forces. We must reorganize politics. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic parties can be preserved in whiskey. As no political party that was on its knees to the slave power deserved support from honest and patriotic citizens, so no political party that is on its knees to the whiskey power deserves support from men of intelligence, conscience and honor. Any political party that is more afraid of offending the whiskey vote than the temperance vote of the land is a sycophant of the saloons —a whiskey spaniel—and as such, unfit to be intrusted with power, or with municipal, State or national politics.

Let us broaden our views of the temperance cause until they cover not only national butinternational issues. The world is a unit. There are no foreign lands or hermit nations. The sky is but the roof of one family. Every link of reform on which you seize here with a firm grasp will draw toward God's bosom links on the other side of the planet. Let us so clasp the temperance reform and every issue allied with it that we may draw universal manhood into God's bosom so closely that the beating of His heart shall set the time of the beating of the entire heart of humanity.

THE GREATEST PARTY.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

[Memorial Day oration at National Prohibition Convention, 1888.]

Here, side by side, sit
Blue and gray,
Because 'tis Greatest Party's
Decoration Day.

I speak the words of truth and soberness. No other party ever dared to be so great as to ordain a scene like this. What a circle we have here! Sweep the compasses of thought through its circumference. Prohibition, first of all, the fixed point whence we calculate all others; the blue and gray, the working-men, the women; at the centre of this circle is the home that goes without the saying; and beyond its shining curve is the saloon, outmatched, outwitted and outvoted, which, in a republic, is best of all. For the fiat of the greatest party has gone forth, and we are here simply to set our seals to it. No saloon in politics or law, no sectionalism in law or politics, no sex in citizenship, but liberty, equality, fraternity in politics and law, now and forevermore.

This is our platform in a nutshell, and it is a platform of four ideas at least. When, in all history, were such matchless issues espoused by such magnanimous men?

There are two other parties; big but not great; multitudinous, not masterful. Their tissue is adipose, not muscular. The issues of the one are made literally "out of whole cloth," of all-wool tariff "warranted to wash" in one more campaign, and the ensanguined shirt warranted never to be washed at all. Those of the other are spoils and Bourbonism. They will soon rally their respective clans to their stereotyped, old-fashioned conventions, prepared to fight, bleed and die for their country and its offices once more. Not a woman will be in their delegations. Oh, no! They might displace some

man. Not a word about the home any more than if, like Topsy, "they 'spected they wasn't made at all, but growed."

Meanwhile, as if to set before these brethren a loftier example, the greatest party welcomes here the home-folks to equal opportunities and honors, and rallies here a remnant of the noble veterans who have learned that it is "good to forgive, best to forget," attesting, by this splendid and fraternal object-lesson, that our party spells "nation" with the tallest kind of a capital "N"—one that indeed includes "the *people* of these United States,"—and that the blue and the gray are to us emblems of nothing less than the blue sky that bends its tender arch above us all and the gray ocean that enfolds one country and one flag..

"Angels look downward from the skies
  Upon no holier ground,
Than where defeated valor lies
  By generous foeman crowned."

How Grant would have rejoiced to look upon a scene like this —he whose memorable words were, "Let us have peace!" besides whose sick-bed sat Gen. Buckner of the Confederate army, and to whose recent birthday celebration rallied Fitz Hugh Lee and other Southern braves.

The women who uniformed their sons in Southern gray, and said, like the Spartan mother of old, "Come ye as conquerors or come no more," are here to-night with those other women who belted Northern swords upon their boys in blue, with words as pitiless and brave. The women who embroidered stars and stripes upon the blessed flag that symbolized their love and faith, to-day have only gentle words for those who decked their "bonny flag of stars and bars" with tenderness as true and faith as fervent. The greatest party seats these women side by side to-night, and we all wear our snowy badge of peace above the hearts that hate no more, while we clasp hands in a compact never to be broken, and solemnly declare, before high heaven, our equal hatred of the rum power and our equal loyalty to God and home and native land.

WHY WOMAN WANTS THE BALLOT.

MARIE C. BREHM.

WHEN Chicago wished to impress her greatness and her determination upon the millions who came within her borders during the great World's Exposition, she used for her symbol a young woman and the significant motto, "I will." Every coin that leaves the United States mint has a woman's head upon it, a man's head being used only when the coin is copper or brass. Columbia and the Goddess of Liberty are always women. Therefore, it ought not to strike anyone that women should ask that what has so long been accepted as ideal should, in the progress of the race, become real.

Woman desires to bring love into law, justice into institutions, honesty into politics. The great rum traffic is a mighty engine of destruction. It goes along crushing its victims by hundreds of thousands every year. It seems to me sometimes to be like one of our great, heavy engines that are pulling the lightning express trains. It claims the right of way and has it. Its whistle is sounded, "Get out of the way or suffer the consequences."

Now, you have seen these great express-trains rushing along at lightning speed, and nothing seems able to stop them. But sometimes they meet something which causes them to stop. The winds begin to blow; snowflakes begin to fall. You pick up one of the tiny, star-shaped crystals. It is such an insignificant-looking little thing, and the warmth of your hand causes it to vanish as you look at it. But let the snowflakes fall steady and fast and a few hours, and you will see the great, powerful engine with its cowcatcher stuck in the snow-bank, its wheels quiet. It stands powerless and silent, stopped by an accumulation of these little snowflakes.

What we need in this country is a snow-storm of pure

Christian prohibition ballots, which will make lifeless and powerless the great, organized, legalized rum system, and the women are asking for the ballot that we may help you men to bring about a snow-storm which shall accomplish this purpose.

THE VERDICT.

MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

THIRSTY, I walked beside a brook
That had been pearly clear,
When, lo! a yellow, floating scum—
The brook was running beer!

I hastened to a crystal spring,
And held its chain-bound tin
To catch my wonted cooling draught—
The cup was filled with gin!

The spring is crazed, the brook is mad,
But here's a river handy;
The river, in its rocky bed,
Swept on, bankful of brandy!

Ah, but I know a living well;
Quickly to that I'll come.
I came and let the bucket down—
And drew it full of rum!

The cows grew dizzy by the brook
And tumbled in the stream;
The floating fishes on its top
Shone with a sickening gleam.

I threw me down upon the bank,
Wild with a new despair;

Death! death was written on the stream
  And death in all the air.
"O God!" I cried, "why shouldst Thou blast
  What erst has been so fair?"

"Look thou to man and charge not God,
  Who sent each rippling brook
Clear as a diamond from His hand,
  Till man His gift forsook—

"Man who has tried at each pure stream
  To put the poison in;
Now let him have it his own way—
  All brandy, whiskey, gin!"

I shuddered, shrieked with mortal fear
  That woke me from my dream;
Then cooled my thirst with water clear
  From out the old, bright stream,

And looked to man, and charged not God—
  Man throws the poison round!
And in the end, for each one dead,
  Man shall be guilty found.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

REV. H. M. SCUDDER, D.D.

INTEMPERANCE creates in man an ungovernable appetite. Men who have fallen have told us it is not a desire, not an appetite not a passion; these ordinary words fail to express the thing. It is more like a raging storm that pervades the entire being; it is a madness that paralyzes the brain; it is a corrosion that gnaws the stomach; it is a storm-fire that courses through the veins; it transgresses every boundary, it fiercely casts aside every barrier, it regards no

motive, it silences reason, it stifles conscience, it overleaps everything that you choose to put in its way.

What does it do to a man's body? It diseases it. It crazes his brain, it blasts his nerves, it consumes his liver, it destroys his stomach, it inflames his heart, it sends a fiery flood of conflagration through all the tissues. Have you ever seen a man under the influence of delirium tremens? Have you heard him mutter and jabber and leer and rave like an idiot? Have you heard him moan, cry, shriek, curse, and rave as he tried to skulk under the bedclothes? Have you looked into his eyes and seen the horrors of the damned there? Have you seen him heave on his bed as though his body was undulating upon the rolling waves like a fire? If you have, then you know what intemperance does to the body.

It enthralls the will. A man's will ought to be king. The will of the drunkard is an abject slave. I verily believe there have been no such wails of despair out of hell itself as have gone up from the lips and heart of the drunkard who knew that he could never be recovered. It wrecks character. It is a double shipwreck: The drunkard not only loses his own respect but he loses the respect of everybody else. His own character, with its real worthiness and its reputation, is gone, and his worthiness in the estimation of other people is gone, too —both of them slain and buried in one grave—and the grave-digger and the murderer, who are they? Rum.

It breeds crime, fills our prisons, penitentiaries, houses of correction. It feasts the thought of robbery, makes it appear feasible, promises it immunity. It nourishes the conception of murder and gives cunning to the shrinking murderer. It is the forger's emboldener, it is the assassin's inspiration, it nerves the suicide, it impels every year myriads of men and women across the boundaries of virtue into the territories of brutal vice and hopeless guilt.

What shall we do about it? Shall we let it alone? Shall we say, "The thing is so tremendous an evil, is so far-reaching and so deeply pervading that we can not do anything with it?" Suppose when the ocean threatened to submerge

Holland that the Hollanders had said, "We are little men and this is a great ocean; one surge may carry a thousand of us away like so many egg-shells. We can not do anything." But they did not say that. They built dykes which are the admiration of the world. They kept out the ocean, saved their fields, cities and people, and the surf which would have devastated them is now walled out forever, and as it ceaselessly strikes their bulwarks can only utter in a hoarse voice its perpetual Amen to the grand triumph of those resolute Hollanders. I say, if intemperance threatens our country as the ocean threatened Holland, let us act as the Hollanders did. God helps courageous souls. If we are bold, brave and faithful we shall yet build dykes that shall save our country and our race.

PARTIES.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

PARTIES are the molds into which God pours the principles that are to bless humanity. But when these have crystallized into the law and life of a people, God breaks the mold for which he has no further use. Parties, like men, travel the long road from cradle to coffin; but, unfortunately, when dead they are not so sure of a burial as men.

Parties are organic—they grow by gradual accretions and require nourishment and care. As a whirlwind begins with a few leaves and particles of dust, so a party begins with a few individuals, often obscure. But if God's breath sets them in motion, the widening and ascending spiral of their progress draws in the multitudes. But parties have their best analogy in well-disciplined armies under intelligent and faithful leadership. First, the soldiers must be recruited, one by one, for a well-understood contest against a foe detested by them all.

Our temperance women have been petitioning legislatures which were, as a rule, companies of soldiers enlisted for no other purpose than to defeat their measures. Is it any wonder that we have grown tired of it and decided to invest our valuable time where it promises better results—namely, in recruiting, one by one, from the people of the country, soldiers committed to the proposition, "The saloon must go?"

The men who will naturally unite in this party will also strongly support civil-service reform, anti-monopoly and anti-Mormon legislation, and will commit the organization heartily to the cause of national and compulsory education. The best elements of the disintegrating parties of the past will gravitate toward this; from their outworn hulls the sound timbers will help make up our life-rafts.

Very soon this new party of great moral ideas will hold the balance of power. At first, perhaps, this will occur in some obscure but carefully canvassed locality; later, in a State; and, finally, by the inevitable sequence of party evolution, in the nation itself.

Here, then, at the nation's capital, let us declare our allegiance. Here let us set our faces toward the beckoning future. Here, where the liquor traffic pours in each year its millions of tarnished gold, let us set up the prohibition standard in the name of the Lord.

PAVING THE STREETS.

MRS. L. G. MCVEAN.

["The liquor tax paves our streets."]

COME, let us reason; heed what we say;
Our hands are willing and strong to earn.
There is no price that we will not pay—
Is there no gold that will serve your turn

Save the gentle gold of the heads that rest
Soft on a gentle mother's breast?
Must they go down in the shameful dust?
How long will your votes shout back, "They must?"

Here is our beautiful, gifted son,
Kept safe till the day he is twenty-one.
The fiends may clutch him upon that day—
What can we say?
We have our pay.
Pave with his blood the broad highway.
Ah, Heaven! Can it be such things are done
Under the sun?

Come to the licensed dealer now.
We shall be met with a smiling bow;
He is all ready for our call.
With a wave of the hand,
Polite and bland,
Toward his framed diploma upon the wall,
He will give the mothers to understand
Our boys are his—he has bought them all.
But I think if mothers could have control
They could pave to-day
The broad highway
With something not so white as the soul
Of an innocent boy at play.

Even the ground
Sends up a sound;
The echoing clods on the coffin-lid
Where our dead away from our sight are hid;
Not to make note of the orphans' wails,
Or the faces under the widows' veils.
Every three minutes some man falls;
Yet you hang the license upon the walls.

No matter how we may writhe and moan,
You will not let our treasures alone;

There is not enough of wood and stone,
Or I think you would pave the city streets
  With something harder than mothers' hearts
That cry out under the hurrying feet
  And under the heavy brewers' carts;
For, though they are crushed, they still must beat
In deathless mother-love, fierce and sweet.

Peace lies murdered. There is no bliss.
Fear strikes cold through a baby's kiss.
Has God forgotten the world like this?

HIGH LICENSE.

MRS. CLARA HOFFMAN.

THOUGH high license should reduce the number of saloons slightly, it does not lessen the sales or reduce the evils flowing therefrom. But the reduction in the number of saloons is rarely due to high license, as claimed by its advocates, but is due to the rising tide of prohibition sentiment. In Missouri before the enactment of high license she had double as many counties without saloons as she had at the end of three years under high license, yet there is published by speech and document the benefits of high license. Are they utterly ignorant of the truth or utterly false to it?

High license will make the business more decent and respectable, they claim. Nothing on earth can make respectable that which mildews, blights, rots, and destroys human life. The authority and the sanction of law make it legitimate, whether the license be high or low.

They tell us it is a step toward prohibition. The traffic itself is our best witness on this point. Always and everywhere does it oppose prohibition and favor license. When did any business ever favor what would tend to its detriment and extermination? High license forms a subtle but most tenacious bond between the pocket and the conscience. From

the chink, chink of its revenues comes a siren song that blinds the eye of wisdom, stops the ear of pity, and steels the heart of love. It is the last and master delusion evolved and formulated in the high council chamber of His Satanic Majesty. High license a step toward prohibition? Nay! nay! It is a step toward perdition, and the higher the license the longer the step!

BEFORE AND BEHIND.

ABBOTT LAWRENCE.

BEFORE and behind, before and behind;
'Twere well if we often felt inclined
To keep those two little words in mind,
Which are pregnant with joy and sorrow.
Many a story of weal and of woe
This brace of significant syllables show,
From which we may all as through life we go,
Instruction and warning borrow.

For instance, just look at the barroom screen,
Which stands the bar and the street between
To prevent death's doings from being seen
By the passers-by on the paving.
Before it, sobriety gravely goes,
With its cheek of bloom and its lip of rose;
Behind it drunkenness brews its woes,
Bodies and souls enslaving.

We may wisdom reap from the simplest thing,
If fancy will only unfold her wing;
E'en where evil lies coiled up with venomous sting,—
And it's not very hard to find it.
So take my rhymes and the moral they preach—
For a simple contrast like this may teach—
And before the screen, let me beg and beseech
You never to go behind it.

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THE vice of intemperance is the arch-abomination of our natures, tending not merely to create a conflict between the nicely-adjusted principles but to assure the triumph of that which is low, base, sensual and earthly over the heavenly and pure; to convert this so curiously organized frame into a disordered, crazy machine and so drag down the soul to the slavery of groveling lusts.

In the first place, there is the shameful abuse of the bounties of Providence, which, after spreading out the earth as a great table for our nutriment, was pleased to add unnumbered cordial spirits to gratify and cheer us,—sweet waters and lively spices—to fill the fibres of the cane with its luscious syrups, the clusters of the vine with its cooling juices, and a hundred aromatic leaves, berries and fruits with their refreshing and reviving essences. I say it is the first aggravation of the sin of intemperance that it seizes on all these kind and bountiful provisions, turns them into a source not of comfort and health but of excess, and converting everything that has life and power—like the exhilarating and the soothing, the stimulant and the opiate—into one accursed poison.

Next come the ravages of this all-destroying vice on the health of its victims. You see them resolved, as it were, to anticipate the corruption of their natures. They wish to reconvert the dust, before their hour comes, to its primitive deformity and pollution. It has been called a *partial* death. I would rather call it a *double* death, by which they drag about with them, above the grave, a mass of diseased, decaying, aching clay. They not only commit suicide, but do it in such a way as to be the witnesses and conscious victims of the cruel process of self-murder; doing it by degrees, by inches; quenching the sight, benumbing the brain, laying down the

arms of industry to be cut off, and changing a fair, healthy, robust frame into a shrinking, suffering, living corpse, with nothing of vitality but the power of suffering, and with everything of death but its peace.

Then follows the wreck of property, the temporal ruin which comes, like an avenging angel, to waste the substance of the intemperate.

Bad as all this is, much as it is, it is neither the greatest nor the worst part of the aggravations of the crime of intemperance. It produces consequences of still more awful moment. It first exasperates the passions and then takes off from them the restraints of the reason and the will; maddens and then unchains the tiger, ravening for blood; tramples all the intellectual and moral man under the feet of the stimulated clay; lays the understanding, the affections, and the conscience in the same grave with prosperity and health; and having killed the body—kills the soul.

CHURCHES AND SALOONS.

BISHOP JOHN F. HURST.

THE sale and use of intoxicating beverages is a most potent force in separating the masses from sympathy with the gospel. No man who habitually uses the cup of intoxication can be a sympathetic and devout worshiper in a Christian sanctuary. The wine-glass is an opaque affair, and God can not be seen through it. With the demon of appetite within a man, he loves the saloon and such company as frequents it better than he loves the church. His argument runs thus: "In the saloon there is more freedom of a certain kind. The speech, such as it is, is plainer. The society is hilarious. One man does not do all the talking. No church debt is to be paid."

Take away from the indifferent and sinful masses all the poor that the intoxicating cup has made poor, all the children

that it has orphaned, all the sorrowing women that it has converted into Niobes, "all tears," all the vagrants that it has stripped of home and bread and bed, all the anarchists whose brain it has set seething and spinning with pictures of the glory of owning nothing and obeying no man, and you will need the lamp of Diogenes to find the few individuals who will be left in alienation from the Christian church.

Let the saloon once take its departure from American soil and there will be such destruction of the separating forces of our polyglot population; such a clearing up of the misty atmosphere which leads the employer and the wage-earner to believe that each is the other's foe; such an appreciation by the unevangelized of the beauty and force of Christianity; such a flowing of the multitude into the Christian churches, that the treasury of every church in the land will be overstrained to provide even temporary places of worship for the millions who are controlled and absorbed by a new affection.

In due time, when once the saloon is gone and the new currents of beneficence are in full flow, there will be enough gold and vital energy released from bondage to the worm of the still to establish enough churches for all our population, to plant missions on the farthest shores of the farthest seas, and to put the Bible into every hand, in the language of the people, from the rising to the setting sun.

"COME OUT FROM AMONG THEM."

MRS. MARY T. LATHRAP.

IN any such moral struggle as temperance reform involves, he misses the sublimest vision who sees only the human forces engaged, with the human probabilities of success, and, therefore, stands trembling between expediency and righteousness in a choice of methods.

Any contest which touches the kingdom of Christ, the wel-

fare of humanity, and the salvation of souls, must of necessity sweep out into the unseen, and lay hold of spiritual forces.

Where is the strength of the liquor oligarchy of this country? Appetite, avarice, greed of power, political policy—all these and more are the seen forces to be overcome; but back of them is a Satanic conspiracy to ruin men in this world and the other, and to overturn the kingdom of God and of Christ. Every blow struck by this power, therefore, is in open, bitter opposition to all that Jesus came to accomplish. Not Satanic influences but Satan himself bears rule in this gigantic national iniquity.

Wherein lies the power of the temperance movement? Truth uttered by trenchant pen and eloquent lips, to which the world must needs pause and listen. Organizations composed of men who are willing to be counted for that truth and organizations of women who, by prayer and social influence, seek to advance it. All these and more, but back of them, in them, breathing through them, is God Himself. Not Divine influences, but Divinity in person is on the field where eternal right is at stake and souls are lost or won.

So this great reform, like those which have gone before it, arrays not alone the armies of earth, but other and greater armies darken the air just beyond the line of our vision, while this contest, which stirs our hearts, moves heaven and hell.

Satan can not unconcerned look on alcohol's destruction. Christ can not unconcerned look upon the slaughter of souls through alcohol. This puts the battle beyond "flesh and blood" among "principalities and powers."

In such a realm as this, traversed by such forces, "expediency" has no place. A choice of evils is an impossibility. They may find room in the short-lived calculations of men, but never where the kingdom of light and the empire of darkness meet in decisive contest. "They always win who side with God" is not only the trust of the Christian heart but is also the lofty belief of the patriot and student of history.

God with men is not simply a possibility but a fact where any evil is to be overthrown, and His power at hand makes

victory assured. "What is the condition of His presence?" must, therefore, be the question of supremest moment to those who desire to see the temperance reform move on to the conquest.

"Come out from among them, and be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you." This is the enlistment order, if we are going with God into the war. Absolute separation from the evil which is to go down is the first condition. "Come out," "be separate," "touch not." "The unclean" thing is in the land of judgment and destruction; like Sodom, it waits the fire of just indignation, and those who have complicity with it must suffer when that storm shall fall.

"Come out," "be separate," "touch not." Can that mean to "work with all parties?" to compromise on "high license?" to "tax and regulate?" and, in order to reach the best method and find not the right but the *attainable*, go on casting the ballot for those whose highest ideal is to regulate and thereby perpetuate the "unclean thing?"

History bears witness that the devil has never been beaten with his own weapons. From behind his own defences, the Prince of Evil comes to defeat alone by the artillery of heaven, and they who use that artillery must leave the devil's camp.

There is a great deal of jelly-fish talk about good people agreeing upon the principles of the temperance reform but differing about methods, as if that were a very innocent matter, to be treated with silent charity; but the sin of these good people lies in the choice of methods. The liquor traffic is a social evil considered by itself. It is a political evil through the compromise legislation which sustains it. To these propositions most good men agree. A wrong method of treating this acknowledged evil is their sin. We are at the hour when one tremendous thing in this reform is method. "Come out," "be separate," "touch not," is the method in the unseen where the Lord of Hosts is leading to victory.

RUM EVERYWHERE.

IN the midnight calm and holy, when the world has sunk to rest,
When the spotless dew is trembling on the lily's folded crest,
When the sighing of the zephyr creeps and steals upon the ear
Soft and gentle as an echo wafted from another sphere,
I will leave my heated room, leave the darkness and the gloom,
I will leave the crowded city, quit the crime-polluted street;
Wander through the meadows, where I may breathe a purer air,
Feel a purer, holier, better earth beneath my straying feet.

On through silent lanes where rustling trees are nodding overhead,
Whispering tales to one another of the pleasant summers fled;
On through fields where corn is waving, as if in sleep is heard
Some soft anthem stealing round it to whose melody is stirred;
Stars are glistening in the sky, dewdrops glitter in reply,
Silent converse with each other violets and daisies keep;
Robin with the scarlet breast dreams of mischief in his nest;
Flow'rets, tired of being happy, close their petals now to sleep.

Yonder is a cot half hidden in a robe of red and green,
Covered o'er with countless roses bathing in the pale moon's sheen;
Surely nothing less than angels dwell within that cottage there;
Winning fairies must be hiding round a spot so bright and fair.
To the window I will creep, through the lattice I will peep—
Alas! that such an Eden should have such a hell within!
See the drunken father lie with his children weeping by,
And a bower of beauty blackened with the awful brand of sin.

Out again upon the highway, all my heart with sickness
numb,
From that cottage quickly flying to a village now I come;
Rows of cottages, surrounded by green fields like verdant
seas,
Or like hidden treasures crouching in the shadow of the trees.
But as I am drawing near, frightful noises greet my ear—
Curses like the yells of devils, oaths that taint the very
air.
Never city built by man since the world its course began
Could eclipse the scenes of horror that within that village
were.

"Rum again!" I faintly mutter, as my footsteps hurry by,
On past sights of drink and riot, evil plague-spots to the eye;
Out again into the meadows—here, at least, I may breathe
free;
In this solitude of nature no drink traces shall I see.
Rivers glisten calm and bright in the moonbeam's spectral
light;
Laughing streamlets, never sleeping, leap adown the green
hillside;
Now the nightingale's sweet song breaks upon a list'ning
throng
Of primroses and foxgloves that beneath the hedges hide.

But the magic note is broken by a shriek so loud and shrill
That the streamlets seem to stagger in their racing down the
hill;
And I heard rude, clamorous voices yonder by the river's
brink,
Gruesome curse and ribald laughter—can I never leave the
drink?
Back again into the town, with a spirit broken down
By the crime that ever meets me, wheresoever I may roam.
Vainly do I strive to flee—still the serpent's trail I see
Blasting, ruining, destroying every spot 'neath heaven's
broad dome.

VOTE THE TRAFFIC DOWN.

HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN.

I BELIEVE that saloon-keepers are morally and socially just as good and just as pure as the saloons they keep; and the saloons they keep are morally and socially just as good and quite as pure as is the law that authorizes them to keep the saloons; and the law which authorizes them to keep the saloons in the sight of God is just as good and just as pure as the church member who votes for that kind of a law. The seller is engaged in a lawful business, and the seller measures up with the community that stands back of him. You have just exactly such a condition of things in your town as the people want—just such a condition of things as they will and as you will.

"But," you say, "the majority rule." I say, no! The majority does not rule in this country and never did rule. To-day we have a government of sixty millions of people run by about five millions, and one-half of the people of voting age are not allowed to have any voice in the government at all, although we hang them under the law just exactly as we do those fellows who voted for the law. It is not a "government of the people, by the people, for the people!" It is a government of a lot of politicians, by the politicians, for the politicians.

The fact that the nation is taking a revenue from this curse out of the profits of the dealers in this business that destroys homes and immortal souls stands to-day, in my judgment, as a monument of God's wonderful mercy to us as a people. We must remember that while God's mercy endureth forever, His patience will not last always. I wonder that we have not already seen the handwriting on the wall; that we have not already been weighed in the balance, and found wanting.

One of the great questions of the hour is, Shall the government under which we live be held for Christ, or shall it

go down into outer darkness, lost forever under the crushing weight of its own sins. This is a serious matter and one that we can not pass by lightly. "Make a chain, for the city is full of violence!" Make a chain to hold down fast and tight that which is destructive and deadly to civilization! Every man to-day is making a chain, and I tell you that the chain you are forging is not any stronger than is its weakest link. It makes no difference how perfect you may be in this or that thing—you may belong to a church and you may pray one way, but when you come to vote on this question, if you vote against a measure that looks to the overthrow of the nation's greatest evil, the strength of your chain will be measured by the casting of your ballot.

I say that license, high or low, is a fraud and a sham! It is a fraud upon the liquor traffic if it's right, and I know it is a sham as a temperance measure. It is wrong in principle. I take the position—and I answer to God only for saying it—that no man can be a true follower of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and vote for any system of legalization of the liquor traffic as a beverage.

When he who gives way to the plea that we are going to settle this question on a high-license basis, that we can not effectually prohibit the liquor traffic, and, coward-like, goes to the polls and uses his ballot to vote against prohibitory laws, so that the saloon system continues, homes and immortal souls are destroyed—when he comes before the judgment bar of God he will be just as guilty as the man who keeps the saloon. There is no compromise ground in this matter.

"Yes, but," says another, "what would you do if you knew you could not prohibit? Wouldn't you hedge it in with high license?"

I say to you no! I would stand out and enter my protest. I would get on God's side and on the side of home, and do my duty as a citizen of a great commonwealth, and leave God to take care of the results, and God will do it.

You talk to me about it letting us alone! It lets nobody alone! There is not a mother in all our land who sees her

boy coming reeling home drunk from a legalized saloon who declares that the saloon traffic lets her alone, although she lets it alone!

Is God dead? Has manhood left the nation forever? Are we an army of cowards? Or will we say, from this hour, God helping us, we will buckle on the whole armor of Almighty God, and in His name, and in His power, we will take a stand alongside of the mothers and the children of our land; and with the ballots which execute the will of the people, we will bury this home and soul-destroying business beyond the hope of resurrection?

A LEGITIMATE "STRIKE."

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

MANY and urgent are the questions that the working men and women of to-day must help to decide. But whatever may be said of methods in general, and of special methods, as strikes, in particular, as a temperance woman, I am confident that the best strike is to strike against the saloon, and then to strike against all politicians and parties that do wrong to the working men. Those are the two strikes that will pay.

There are enough saloons in America, if they were set in a row, and one should go from Chicago to New York City direct by rail—there are enough saloons to keep one company without a break in a street reaching from Chicago to New York. In the eleven mountain States of the Union, in the West, there is a saloon for every forty-three voters. The boycott of the saloon is the greatest thing and the most helpful thing that has ever come to the Knights of Labor, or any similar organization.

In one of the towns of Illinois, a banker put his private mark on the money he paid out on Saturday night to the wage-workers of the town who patronized his bank; and on

Monday night, of the $700 paid out, and marked privately, over $300 had come back to him from the saloons of that town! There is nothing that cramps, belittles and dwarfs the possibilities of the labor movement in America like the saloons.

Legitimate traffic is like the oak-tree; in its branches the birds gather and make their pleasant music, under its shade the weary herds and flocks find rest and shelter. There is nothing living, hardly, that can not get good out of an oak-tree. It is like legitimate industry; every other industry is benefited and helped by it. But the liquor traffic is like the upas tree, forsaken by every living thing because it is the deadly foe of every living thing, and drips, not dew, but poison.

The labor question is a wonderful and mighty issue, but wage-workers would do well to study with it the temperance question, the prohibition question—do well to remember that nine hundred millions a year are expended by our people in America across the counters of the saloons and in the liquor traffic—nine hundred million dollars, to say nothing of the money that is lost by those who would be at work except for the temptation of the saloon.

If the women of the nation had the ballot, they and the good men of the nation would hold the balance of power. As white ribboners, we believe that these great reforms must come in through the ballot-box. We believe that, because they are physically weaker, women, by the very instinct of self-protection, are the enemy of the liquor shops, because the manly arm that was meant to be their protection when uncontrolled by the guiding brain, and frenzied by alcohol, becomes their dread. We believe it does not make any difference whether a woman is a Protestant or a Catholic, whether she is black or white, cultured or ignorant, native or foreign born; we believe that, as a rule, women, for the sake of protection for themselves, their children and their homes, stand solidly against the dramshop. We believe that prohibition will come whenever woman has the ballot. Many people

say they do not believe in a paternal government. But we believe in a paternal and a maternal government, and that if a few more women had something to do with affairs, there would not be so many white slaves.

SOME DELUSIONS OF HIGH LICENSE.

REV. HERRICK JOHNSON, D.D.

THERE are four things—four indubitable things—that make high license, as a remedy for the evils with which we are cursed by the traffic in strong drink, a delusion and a sham.

The first is that high license gilds the traffic with a certain air of respectability, and behind gilded vice the most danger lurks. The more outwardly respectable you make the saloon the worse you make it. The assault upon morals and manhood is then subtle, insidious, treacherous. It is not your open, outrageous, infamous sinners that do the most harm. It is not the besotted and loathsome drunkard, swinging from his drinks to the gutter and crawling from the gutter back again to his drinks, who tempts wayward feet to the folly and filth of intoxication. The saloons that keep up appearances, that put on a pretence of virtue, that claim to be decent in conduct, and law-abiding—it is these that play the mischief with our young men.

High license tends to give them the guise of respectability. Five hundred or one thousand dollars paid to the Government for the privilege of doing a certain thing gives to the one doing it a kind of dignity, and inevitably stamps the thing done as business of some considerably increased importance and worth. High license may possibly, though only temporarily, wipe out a few low groggeries. But it gilds the saloons it authorizes. It gives them gloss and outward decency. Not one inherent evil of the traffic is smitten by it. On the contrary, it places over the whole brood of evils

a broader brand of legitimacy. And painting vice, we all know, is bad business. To give respectability to an iniquitous thing is to buttress it more securely. Reform by that road is downhill. Revenue gotten on such terms—the blood of duped and betrayed victims will cry from the ground against it.

My second point is that high license induces the saloon-keepers to resort to other evils to make good their loss by it. They are going to get back their license fee. That thousand dollars must come back into their till. They have not gone into the business on philanthropic principles, for the good of society. They will, therefore, adulterate their liquors. They will vitiate their stock. Ah, if they would only water it—literally, water it! But water is the last thing they or their patrons want in it. There is no sting in water. Nothing to bring the drinker back to his glass. So they ply the stock with cheap drugs. They swell its dimensions. They make its bulk large by their vile decoctions. And it finds its way down men's throats at ten cents a glass, smooth and pleasant to the sense, only to prove at last the very poison of death; often making of men physical and moral wrecks, shattering nerves, stealing away brains, and deadening conscience.

But this is not all. Under the pressure of high license, and to make the establishment pay back that large fee, saloon-keepers are tempted to introduce other features, to marshal other forms of vice, and to link gambling with liquor-selling so as to swell the receipts.

My third point is that high license leaves the fountain untouched while trying to dam up some streams. The evils of this traffic that so curse society and home do not commonly start in the vile, disgusting dens where there is only raggedness and filth. They are born farther up. Suppose you shut a few of the low dramshops. They will inevitably be opened again. The wash of the upper saloons must go somewhere. The respectable varieties need the low groggeries to take care of their cast-off rubbish. The poor, doomed victims of drink, robbed of their manhood and decency, if they

step down hill must find the saloon down hill. They *will* find it. That stream of descending lust and filth must have an outlet. If you would stop it, you must go to the top and break up the fountain. Prohibition is the word, not license. You can not trust men with this thing any more than you can trust them with dangerous explosives. Prohibition is ever strengthening its own restrictions. License of every kind, low or high, is ever weakening its own restrictions. Prohibition thunders "No," to every evil of the traffic. License keeps the door open for all the evils to enter in, and issues a kind of standing invitation to them. Prohibition tends to victory by its enforced denial. License tends to defeat by its legalized indulgence.

It is said, high license will at least shut up the unlicensed saloons; for those who have paid so heavily for their license will prosecute in self-defence. This is the absurdest of fallacies. Here are three good reasons why: First, the house of the liquor-dealer will not divide against itself. Secondly, the higher liquor-dealers are mostly violators of the law themselves. Many of them sell to drunkards; sell to minors; sell on Sundays. They live in glass houses, and they will not throw stones. Thirdly, they need these low saloons to take their refuse. They want these stations down hill, to get their own victims out of the way when they are done with them. The brotherhood is too close. Saloon-keepers will not turn prohibitionists, as against their own clan.

My fourth point is that high license is a failure in practice. It increases revenue, but it does not lessen saloons nor change their real character. It puts more dollars into city and county treasuries, but it does not smite and destroy the dreadful evils of traffic in strong drink. Men are sometimes content with it because it helps pay taxes. But does that make it a success? Here is the logical process. Grog-shops confessedly make criminals. Criminals necessitate police. Police cost money. High license makes the grog-shops pay the money. In that vicious circle crime is made its own successor. It says to the saloon-keepers, "Go on perpetuating crime

and manufacturing criminals, but pay for it." I appeal to any intelligent judgment if that is not bad citizenship and bad morals.

PROHIBITION'S MIGHT.

R. L. BRUCE.

IN a hovel dark and drear bends a mother, pale with fear,
O'er her children cold and ragged on the floor;
For the rum fiend's cursed blight all her day has turned to night,
And the wolf with hungry mouth is at the door.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, she hears Starvation, sees his face so gaunt and white;
God of mercy! Hear her cry
Rising to Thy throne on high,
Stir the hearts of men to battle for the right!

In a breathing-hole of hell, where accursed vipers dwell,
Sits a bloated wreck of what was once a man;
And before his bloodshot eyes horrid demons seem to rise,
Hiss and crawl and screech as only demons can.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the awful legions from the land of midnight gloom,
To his terror-gleaming eyes
Seem in serried ranks to rise,
While before him yawns eternal, hopeless doom.

In a bright and cheery place, full of dignity and grace,
Noble women gather, battling for the right;
Take the drunkard by the hand, give him courage, help him stand,
Lead him upward, cheer him onward into light.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the saved are marching; hearts are light and hopes are strong;
And there's joy in earth and heaven
O'er the wanderer forgiven,
And the home is full of light and love and song.

But alas! the fatal snare dashes hope and baffles prayer,
And the saved are daily falling 'neath its power.
Rise ye, men of heart and sense, drive the cursed monster hence,
Prohibition be our watchword from this hour.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, we give no quarter, marching on the lost to save,
Satan's minions we defy,
Prohibition is our cry,
And we'll shout it over rum's dishonored grave.

PROHIBITION IN KANSAS.

HON. JOHN J. INGALLS.

KANSAS has abolished the saloon. The open dramshop traffic is as extinct as the sale of the indulgences. A drunkard is a phenomenon. The barkeeper has joined the troubadour, the crusader and the mound-builder. The brewer, the distiller and the bonded warehouse are known only to the archæologist. Since the adoption of the amendment four general elections have been held, and at each of them the people have repeated their adhesion to the principle by the election of legislatures pledged to prohibition.

The result is generally accepted as an accomplished fact. Hostility has practically been subdued. Prohibition prohibits. The prediction of its opponents has not been verified; immigration has not been repelled, nor has capital been diverted from the State. The period has been one of unexampled growth and development.

From comparison of the results in Kansas with conditions existing elsewhere, the conclusion is irresistibly in favor of prohibition. It can be efficiently and successfully enforced. It does not retard the growth nor injure the resources of the people. Its operations practically cease with the closing of the saloons, leaving personal liberty unimpaired. It exonerates the State from complicity and participation in the most formidable agency of its own destruction.

THE UNION OF NORTH AND SOUTH.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

I NEVER expected to speak with pride about the "solid South," as such, but surely I may do this now that it is becoming solid for the "dry ticket," and you who dwell there may be glad that the Northern heart is fired once more, this time with the same war-cry as that which fires the Southern, and it is "protection for our homes." That is the "spell to conjure by." That is the rallying call of North and South, of Protestant and Catholic, of white and black, of men and women equally. Bourbon Democrat and radical Republican will seek in vain to stifle this swift-swelling chorus, that "chorus of the union," for which great Lincoln vainly prayed in his first inaugural. Do you not recall his marvelous concluding sentence: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from many a sacred hearth and patriot's grave, all over this broad land, shall once more swell the chorus of the union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angel of our nature." That angel is the temperance reform, and the fulfilment of that prophecy we have lived to see.

The greater party stands for nationalism as against sectionalism; it stands for the noblest aims and aspirations of the wage-workers as against monopolies that dare to profane that holy word, "trust;" it stands for the future in politics as against the past, the home vote with an educational test as against the saloon vote with a beer-breath as its credentials; and, best of all, it stands for the everlasting and absolute prohibition of sin as against any alliance between sin and the Government. For while the greatest party will never hesitate to be the champion of these causes good and great, so closely linked with its own central purposes, neither must it fail to put prohibition by law and prohibition by politics so far in the lead that no candid man can for a moment question

the august supremacy of these overmastering issues. For we are firmly persuaded that the separation of the people into two distinct armies, one voting for men who will outlaw the poison curse and the other for men who will legalize it, must come, and that such separation can not come too soon. We are not here to speak harsh words of armies rallied under other ensigns, but simply to declare that in this great emergency we can not depend upon them. Party machinery and the ambition of party leaders to-day stand between the people and their opportunity. We would clear the track for prohibition. We are bound to do it. For this were we born, and for this cause came we into the world.

When I think of Lexington and Paul Revere; when I think of Bunker Hill and the dark redoubt where Gen. Warren died; when I think of Washington, that greatest of Southerners, upon his knees in prayer at Valley Forge; when I think of Stonewall Jackson praying before he fought; of Robert Lee's and Sidney Johnston's stainless shields; when I remember Sheridan's ride, and Sherman's march to the sea with the boys in blue behind him, and Grant fighting the battle out and on to the glorious triumph of our Northern arms, then my heart prophesies with all a patriot's gratitude, America will win as against the awful tyranny of King Alcohol and King Gambrinus, and proud am I to have a part in it, for, thank God, I—I, too, am an American!

In the spring of '62 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock river, one uniformed in blue and one in gray. As twilight fell, the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial strain, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Rally Round the Flag," and that musical challenge was taken up by those on the other side, who responded with the "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Away Down South in Dixie." After a while it was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music to begin a sweeter and more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined with all the instruments on the Union side until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down

our army, "Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge over yonder, for every Confederate band had taken up that lovely air, so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished came from the boys in gray a challenge, "Three cheers for home," and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "Something upon the soldier's cheek washed off the stains of powder."

Fellow-soldiers in the fight for a clear brain, I am proud to belong to an army which makes kindred of those who once stood in arms against each other. Let us cherish North Carolina's motto from Isaiah's words: "Fear not, I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east and gather them from the west; I will say to the north give up, and to the south keep not back, bring my sons from afar, and my daughters from the ends of the earth." I am glad of these good times, and to think we women are in them, equal members of the greatest party, as we have been since the day of its birth.

It shall shine more and more
Till its glory like noontide shall be;
It shall shine more and more
Till the home from the dramshop is free.
It shall shine more and more
Till the nation Christ's glory shall see.

THE WATER-DRINKER.

EDWARD JOHNSON.

OH, water for me! bright water for me!
Give wine to the tremulous debauchee!
It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one strong again.

It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like infant purity.
Oh, water, bright water, for me, for me !
Give wine, give wine to the debauchee!

Fill to the brim ! fill, fill to the brim !
Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim !
My hand is steady, my eye is true,
For I, like the flowers, drink naught but dew.
Oh, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
And the ores it yieldeth are vigor and health.
So water, pure water, for me, for me,
And wine for the tremulous debauchee !

Fill again to the brim! again to the brim !
For water strengtheneth life and limb.
To the days of the aged it addeth length;
To the might of the strong it addeth strength;
It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight;
'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
So, water, I will drink naught but thee,
Thou parent of health and energy.

THE NATIONAL CONSTITUTION AND RUM.

A. WILLEY.

THE framers of our national Constitution carefully stated the objects for which they did their solemn work, and the people adopted it as their own: "We, the people of the United States, to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility * * * and to promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty, do ordain and establish this Constitution." Never had a nation besides such a foundation. It is all that Christianity commands of government and was the outcome of it.

Now, arraign at this bar the horrible liquor crime of crimes, with all its domestic torments; its woes; its $1,100,000,000 of national destruction each year; its poverty, crimes, personal and public corruption; its savage war on the "general welfare," and disgrace to civilization; then close the indictment by counting up the 70,000 dead sent to perdition each year directly, and as many more indirectly by rum.

Now, as a sworn juror, give the verdict: Are our constitutions responsible for this business? Has it any shadow of constitutional rights? Not a candid voice will say yes. It is directly hostile to it.

But, stronger still, it is a fundamental principle of jurisprudence that nothing morally wrong can be constitutional or legal. That settles the case. Let the people rally upon this bed-rock and there again rescue our bleeding country from impending ruin to the glorious standard of the fathers, sweeping out forever its great woe and ruin, and a new morning will have dawned.

THE VOTER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

VIRTUE, liberty and law are the acknowledged and essential elements of our civilization: Liberty to make law, law to protect liberty, and virtue to secure both. The rapid increase of crime and pauperism makes the prohibition of the liquor traffic indispensable for the life and hope of the country. The great question, therefore, now before the people is, How long shall we have our peace, our property and our lives jeopardized by this destructive traffic before we demand the enactment of a law for its suppression by the only possible method, the ballot?

As this much-desired reform is dependent on the axiomatic principle that the necessity for prohibitory law depends on the injury the traffic does to the peace and happiness of the people, it is not necessary that all the people should immediately

endorse it. All law is coercion and will have opposition from those whose passions or interests are involved. But to secure real and permanent success we must have no selfish or cowardly concessions of compromise or pretense of restriction in the way of a tax to make it respectable. These compromises help only to perpetuate the evil and do not diminish the amount of liquor sold. The only effective remedy is absolute prohibition.

If it is admitted as a logical conclusion that an accessory to a crime is as bad as the criminal, the voter who by his ballot favors a sanction of the liquor traffic by licensing it is certainly responsible for the crime and poverty that the traffic produces. In all candor we ask, What is the difference between the crime of Judas Iscariot or the baseness of Benedict Arnold and the acceptance of one hundred thousand or one thousand dollars (payable in advance) to sanction a monstrous evil with a license; especially as the contrast between virtue and vice, beauty and deformity, health and disease, order and anarchy, life and death, are all so vividly illustrated by the blessings of prohibition as compared with the crime, misery and lawlessness that are caused by the law-protected liquor traffic?

What would God think or what ought good men to think of a professed Christian whose intelligence makes him aware of the diabolism of the liquor traffic and yet does not prompt and compel him to express his condemnation where it can be most effective—at the ballot-box?

Why can not we see the inconsistency of establishing churches in which to learn how to save our own souls, while by our votes we sanction temptations to destroy the souls of other men? The mother anxiously inquires, "Where is my boy to-night?" and when the truth is known he is in some licensed, gilded saloon authorized by his father's vote.

But this duplicity and these stratagems for evading duty are not always to be the rules for our political life. The coming doom of the liquor traffic is written on the hearts and in the homes of the community in characters of blood, crime

and misery. The premonitions of this moral uprising fill the air and will soon be echoing through their sovereign will expressed at the ballot-box: "This curse of all curses, the liquor traffic, must go." This terrible incubus on our civilization is to be suppressed and annihilated by the exercise of common sense, by common law, as a public nuisance, to shield the weak, the poor and the ignorant from their own imprudence. Personal responsibility must take the place of apathy, aggressive action of guilty complicity. Voter, what is your standard of morality on this vital question. Our country must have relief, our homes demand protection; all votes being units, will your vote count as one to secure this result and the numerous blessings that are certain to follow the prohibition of the curse of the liquor traffic? Your country's interests stand pleading for this vote. What will be your answer?

I HAVE NO INFLUENCE?

WHAT if the little rain should say:
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky!"

Doth not each raindrop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

THE WORN-OUT PARTIES.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

IF women had their way, and they intend to have it, the taint of alcohol and nicotine would not be on any lip or in any atmosphere of city, town or village on this

globe. If they could have their way, and they intend to have it, the saloon-keeper would everywhere become an outcast. They do not stand for regulation of the traffic, not even for its prohibition, but for its annihilation. They stand for prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, prohibition by woman's ballot.

Alcohol being preeminently a brain poison, men of most brain grow dizzy first and Hottentots stand steady longest. As civilization becomes complex, the brain acquires more convolutions to the square inch, and its delicate tissues are torn more ruthlessly by the coarse intruder alcohol. The more complex the civilization developed the more vital will it be that those who handle its fine mechanism shall have all their powers keenly trained. * * *

The ship Republican has good timber in its hull, but the masts and spars of its leadership are struck by whiskey lightning. We must batter away at the most vulnerable points of the ship, break the old hull, and build the strong timbers of its best manhood into the prohibition ark.

We want to hurt the Democratic party, especially in cities. We believe it to be leagued with the saloon, and its timbers are too worm-eaten to go into the ark prohibition. The deathwatch ticks in the disintegrating joints of the old whiskey-logged hull.

Two outworn parties held together by an organized appetite for spoils are in their expiring agonies, and woe to those who come within the circle where they fight. God help us to be brave, to cry aloud and spare not, and to hold up wicked combinations to the execration they deserve. We stand as we always have stood for that party, by whatever name called, which makes prohibition the keystone of its arch. In some regions Democrats at the South and Republicans at the North have helped our cause. We recognize and rejoice in every such effort. But nationally we watch for the new party of moral ideas, even as they that watch for the morning—nay, more, we work for it; nay, most of all, we pray for it.

THE NEW SLAVERY.

THERE lives within our land to-day a greater slavery
Than that which held the dusky thrall beneath a Southern sky;
Upheld by legal sanction, in America the free,
Beneath its withering, damning curse a million victims sigh.
Like thirsty leeches, greater grown by that on which they feed,
This leech upon our nation's life has grown in power each year;
And claims the majesty of law for symbol of its greed,
That makes the loyal heart stand still and strikes the soul with fear.

Yet, darker grows the night and deeper sink the weary,
Hopeless, aching hearts in million breasts. From out the gloom
No ray of light their anxious gaze to cheer, and burdened, dreary,
Beyond all power of words to tell, beneath the awful doom
Of Rum's dread sway they bow, and sorrow reigns supreme.
Yet, on yon ship there sails a valiant soldier of the Cross,
Christ's gospel carrying to heathen lands, and thus we deem
It fit to damn at home and save abroad. But on the speeding bark
To Afric's golden shore we send the deadly, damning brew
To help our mission soldier on and swell our revenue.

Ten thousand steeples, towering, point the wandering one above;
Ten thousand pulpits silent while this Moloch works his will;
A million Christian lips are saying, "Wanderer, God is love;"
A million Christian ballots do the behests of the still.

Before the Church's vestry door the licensed gate of hell,
Beside the schoolhouse and the home, against the hall of State;
While from yon towering steeple rings a sad and mournful knell—
A hecatomb of ruined souls are cursing God and fate.

Why stand ye silent, men of God? Hath terror struck you dumb?
Or wait ye for Jehovah's wrath to scourge you forth to labor?
Why put ye up the Lord's own prayer, "Thy kingdom, Father, come,"
Then vote the devil's business in that he may damn your neighbor?
Has manhood lost its virtue in this hour of direst need,
When loyalty to God and home for faithful men is calling?
Or will ye rise again in might, the bondman's call to heed,
And crush this greater slavery, so dreadful, so appalling?

Oh, for another Samson, anointed of the Lord,
To tear this heathen temple down before our altar's fall!
Oh, for a million loyal hands to buckle on the sword
If need be, thus to save our land and heed the bondsman's call.
In vain we cry aloud to God to save our land and youth,
While His anointed ministry keep back the living truth;
In vain our agonizing prayers to heaven's arches swell,
When with a righteous ballot we might close these gates of hell.

HOME PROTECTION.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE base our plea for prohibition on the principles set forth by the Supreme Court of the country in what have become household words among temperance women: No

legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves can not do it, much less their servants. Government is organized with a view to their preservation and can not divest itself of the power to provide for them.

We had in the United States last year more than ten thousand murders and more than six thousand suicides, or an average of thirty murders a day, besides twelve monthly lynchings. Since 1867 these terrible "takings off" have multiplied in proportion to the population at the rate of three to one. The papers, not only from the metropolis itself but from Maine to California, would seem to indicate that murders are the staple product. We have the testimony of Judge Noah Davis, of New York City, twenty years on the bench, that ninety percentage of the crime is due to strong drink.

Any reasoning man who can put these facts together and then vote for license has the mind of a man without conscience, or without adequate knowledge, or with a serious twist in brain or conscience.

The fact is, "My people perish for lack of knowledge." There is not a good man between the oceans who would not vote against throwing around the saloon the guarantees and safeguards of the municipality if he had studied the question with an honest desire to know whether it is better to be linked with the traffic, by accepting the bonus that it gives in order to have the law on its side, or squarely to vote against it, thus removing oneself from any connivance with the abomination, and then to try to carry out the intention of that vote as far as possible. That which the people have legalized they can render illegal, and it is their solemn duty before God and humanity to render the liquor traffic illegal.

We are coming upon new times. Man stands no longer alone in the arena as the central figure for whose sake parties are made; but a group is there, made up of man, woman, and child. The party whose very name proves that its purpose is the equal protection of them all and of the home that is to them the dearest spot on earth, is the party that deserves to

win and carries in its heart the elements of power. Over against the perfidy of the saloon to every interest that man, woman, and child hold dear, the Home Protection party (as some of us have called it long in loving hope) presents the picture of a perfect loyalty. Over against a democracy that does not democratize and a republicanism that leaves the republic at the mercy of the liquor traffic, the Home Protection party sets up its standard, inscribed: "Down with the dram-shop, the brothel, the gambling den, and up with the Home!"

LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

A. H. J. DUGANNE.

[Of these verses Longfellow said: "They are enough to immortalize any poet."]

I'M thinking on thy smile, Mary,
Thy bright and trusting smile,
In the morning of our youth and love,
Ere sorrow came, or guile;
When thine arms were twined around my neck,
And mine eyes looked into thine,
And the heart that throbbed for me alone
Was nestling close to mine.

I see full many a smile, Mary,
On young lips beaming bright,
And many an eye of light and love
Is flashing in my sight.
But the smile is not for my poor heart,
And the eye is strange to me,
And loneliness comes o'er my soul
When its memory turns to thee.

I'm thinking on the night, Mary,
The night of grief and shame,

When with drunken ravings on my lips
  To thee I homeward came.
Oh, the tear was in thine earnest eye,
  And thy bosom wildly heaved,
Yet a smile of love was on thy lips
  Though thy heart was sorely grieved.

But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,
  And thine eye grew dim and sad;
For the tempter lured my steps from thee,
  And the wine-cup drove me mad.
From thy cheeks the roses quickly fled,
  And thy ringing laugh was gone;
Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me
  And still kept trusting on.

Oh! my words were harsh to thee, Mary,
  For the wine-cup made me wild,
And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad
  And I cursed thee when they smiled.
God knows I loved thee even then,
  But the fire was in my brain,
And the curse of drink was in my heart
  To make my love a bane.

'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary,
  In the springtime of our life,
When I looked upon thy sunny face
  And proudly called thee wife.
And 'twas pleasant when our children played
  Before our cottage door;
But the children sleep with thee, Mary,
  I shall never see them more.

Thou'rt resting in the churchyard now,
  And no stone at thy head;
But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife
  Sleeps in that lowly bed;
And he says the hand of God, Mary,

Will fall with crushing weight
On the wretch who brought thy gentle life
To its untimely fate.

But he knows not of the broken heart
I bear within my breast,
Or the heavy load of vain remorse
That will not let me rest.
He knows not of the sleepless nights
When, dreaming of thy love,
I seem to see thine angel eyes
Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand,
And the wildest strains I've sung,
Till with the laugh of drunken mirth
The echoing air has rung.
But a pale and sorrowing face looked out
From the glittering cup on me,
And a trembling whisper I have heard
That I fancied breathed by thee.

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave,
And thy sleep is dreamless now,
But the seat of an undying grief
Is on thy mourner's brow;
And my heart is chill as thine, Mary,
For the joys of life have fled,
And I long to lay my aching breast
With the cold and silent dead.

A PROHIBITION PARTY A NECESSITY.

REV. A. B. LEONARD.

THE attempt to fight the liquor traffic successfully outside of a political party must of necessity prove a conspicuous failure, for the reason that it is not there. The

weakness of the non-partisans is found in the fact that they are so far from the works of the enemy they would conquer that only the echoes of their ordnance can be faintly heard in the distance. The enemy they would destroy is entrenched behind party ramparts, and these non-partisans decline to attack. They are like an army on an open field with no enemy in view, going through the motions of battle but accomplishing nothing.

A party is the agency by which political principles are applied to the machinery of civil government. A principle detached from the machinery of civil government is like a steam-boiler separated from the machinery of a locomotive. The boiler may contain steam enough to pull a hundred cars, but it accomplishes nothing while there is no contact with the machinery of the locomotive. In politics, principle is the steam-boiler, party the machinery, and civil government the train.

History demonstrates clearly that every movement of great magnitude, whether religious or political, creates its own instrument of successful operation. The philosophy of this may be readily discovered. Old and effete organizations can not be successfully employed in the promotion of new movements of a reformatory character. It is impossible to use an organization for the accomplishing of a reform when the evil to be removed controls the organization itself. The liquor power now controls the Democratic and the Republican parties, and it is folly to suppose that power will smite itself. "If Satan cast out Satan he is divided against himself; how shall his kingdom stand?"

It is impossible for either of the old parties to draw to itself the prohibitionists of the other. They are historic enemies, and their members can not be transferred from one to the other except in rare instances. There is a host of prohibitionists in the Democratic party that will not join the Republican party even for the sake of the great principle of prohibition; and there is as great a host, if not a greater, in the Republican party that will not for the sake of that great

principle join the Democratic party. Therefore, with these two parties alone in the field, prohibitionists will remain divided and the liquor demon will continue to scourge our land.

The time has fully come when prohibitionists should cease to spend their energies on non-partisan campaigns that end in the defeat of prohibition and give a lengthened lease of power to the old whiskey parties. All the great reforms of the past point unerringly to the Prohibition party method of warfare against the liquor crime, avoiding, as it does, the weakness of non-partisanism and the impracticability of old party methods. Moreover, it affords a common bond of sympathy, secures concert of action, definiteness of purpose, and is the sure guarantee of a resistless movement against the common foe.

THE DRAGON DRINK.

E. MURRAY.

HAVE you heard the olden story,
How a dragon, fierce and fell,
Ranged across the ravaged country,
Lay at evening by the well;
Scales of iron, tongue of fire,
Blood-stained, terrible and grim,
Slaying mothers, murdering children,
In the twilight gray and dim?
All in vain the fathers fought him,
All in vain were wall and gate;
Horrible, relentless, sleepless,
Lay the deadly beast in wait.

Then the old-time hero bravely
Signed the cross and drew the sword;
Said: "I may not pause or falter,
I the sworn knight of the Lord."

So St. George attacked the dragon.
  Long the fight and terrible—
Teeth and claws to sword and buckler,—
  Dead at length the monster fell.
So they cry, "St. George for England!"
  So they praise the hero well.

Let me tell the newer story:
  Dragon-like across the land
Slavery ragèd fierce and evil,
  Soaked with tears and blood the land,
Fettered men and helpless women,
  Crying children for its prey;
And the monster, grim and awful,
  Grew in horror day by day.
Strong men trembled, wise men sadly
  Gave the hideous thing its way.

Then the new-time hero, calmly
  Coming from his quiet place,—
"Be it death, or be it victory,
  Christ, my Saviour, lend me grace!"—
Firmly faced the giant monster;
  Conquered. God was by his side.
Freedom! freedom! cried the nation
  As the hateful dragon died.
But our hero,—well, the angels
  Took him to their holy care,
And the Lord, this savior greeting
  Crowned him saint and hero there.

Heroes! answer from your heaven,
  You have fought a goodly fight,
Won your crowns and saved your people
  Strong in Christ, your Leader's might.
Is there nothing we can conquer?
  Is there nothing we can do?
In our land no dragon creepeth,
  Yet we would be heroes, too.

Every land must have its dragon,
  Every age its hero bear—
See! a monster, grim and deathful,
  Crouches in our country fair,
Lurking in the glass of whiskey,
  Growling from the dramshops' till.
Who upon the Lord's side standeth?
  Who the dragon Drink will kill?

By the vows our lips have plighted,
  By the witnessed oath and word,
We are pledged to fight the dragon,
  We, the sworn knights of the Lord.
Lift the banner! Gird the armor!
  Shout the battle-cry amain!
We will never cease the conflict
  Till the dragon Drink is slain!

GO FORWARD TO VICTORY.

DR. I. K. FUNK.

THERE is a great hope for the Prohibition party. A great many are with us. Some are standing with us and others are *lying* all about us. They tell us that we boast much, that we are great at blowing the trumpet. Well, our friends, the enemy, have this advantage: Everytime we take a trumpet they take a thousand *horns*.

Let there be no discouragement over reverses. Truth often comes to victory through defeat. The ascension and glorification came after a Gethsemane and a Calvary. We have reached about the last of the non-partisan victories. Now the liquor traffic is thoroughly awake. He can concentrate his immense resources in any one State. He uses his national whip to defeat local contests, and this through the dominant political party in any given section. We must have a battle-front that will reach from Maine to Texas and

on to California. Give the liquor power the whole country to fight at once and then we shall see a different result. Let us strike bravely; he who fights fearfully invites defeat. There must be no seeking after compromises, no parleying with the enemy. Prohibition—no one misapprehends the name—let us keep it on our banner and nail that banner to the mast-head; and come weal or woe, defeat or victory, let us stand by it with the firmness of adamant until the last saloon in America goes down.

But is prohibition possible? With brave hearts and the right on our side nothing is impossible. At the battle of Lodi Napoleon commanded his troops to cross the long, narrow bridge that was swept by the Austrian cannon. One of his staff cried out: "Sire, that is impossible!" Napoleon turned upon him with flashing eye: "That word is not French. Go forward!" And forward went the troops, and the bridge was won and the enemy put to rout, and the plains of Lombardy were open to Napoleon's army. In this fight for prohibition, with brave hearts within and with the omnipotent and omniscient God on our side, that word "impossible" is not Christian. Go forward, and victory is certain.

OUR DUTY.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

AT least one position ought to be no longer questioned. As it once was the duty of honest men to refuse to vote in favor of any party that was on its knees before the slave power, I hold it is now the duty of every honest man, no matter to what party he belongs, to refuse to vote for any party that is on its knees before the whiskey rings. I believe in educational measures, and have sufficiently emphasized my desire to see the laws concerning temperance education carried out to the full. I believe in the activity of God's own in the churches. We are all God's own; but some of

us have made profession before men and angels that we are citizens of the universal theocracy and that our citizenship is on high. If we act as citizens of the universal theocracy, what shall we do? We shall vote as we pray. * * *

As no political party that was on its knees to the slave power deserved support from honest and patriotic citizens, so no political party that is on its knees to the whiskey power deserves support from men of intelligence, conscience and honor. Any political party that is more afraid of offending the whiskey vote than the temperance vote of the land is a sycophant of the saloons—a whiskey spaniel—and as such unfit to be entrusted with power in municipal, State, or national politics. No saloon sycophant, no whiskey spaniel, makes a safe watchdog for the people.

Without a dominant political party behind it, prohibitory legislation is a sword-blade without a hilt. It is not true that when public sentiment emphatically justifies a law it is always executed. Public sentiment so justifies the law against selling liquor to drunkards and minors, but the law, nevertheless, is not executed. The vast majority of good citizens justify this law, but their will is defeated by the audacity of the liquor syndicate and the cowardice of party managers. A prohibitory party, therefore, is a supreme political necessity. Only a prohibitory party in power can give to every temperance blade a hilt and to every temperance hilt a blade.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION.

JOHN B. FINCH.

THE experience of years proves that the legislature is no place to deposit discretionary power in dealing with the liquor traffic. The power exercised by the legislature is the people's power delegated by the people to the legislature; and the people have the right to recover any right or power

which they have delegated whenever they think they can better their condition by so doing. The change will be that the people will say what the public policy shall be, and direct the legislature to make the principle in the organic law operative by functional law. If the principle does not prove practical, the people can at any time change it; but it can never be changed until the people will it.

So long as discretionary power is vested in the legislature, the drunkard-makers will annually use thousands of dollars if necessary to prevent right action. When discretionary power is taken from them, one of the worst sources of legislative corruption will be dried up, because the legislature can act in but one way and it will be useless to try to bribe them. With prohibition a settled principle in the Constitution, every legislator who swears to support the Constitution must vote in favor of a prohibitory law, making the principle operative, or be a perjurer and a rebel.

I am aware that some will object that the Constitution is no place to define what shall and what shall not be crimes. The Constitution lays down principles of government, and to attack or violate those principles is a crime against the Constitution and the Government. The defining and adopting of the principles makes its violation a crime against the Government. To adopt a constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic, is to make the principle of prohibition fundamental and to change the spheres of authority to conform to the newly-adopted principle. This was done in regard to African slavery. The people adopted the principle that no slavery should exist in the States, and left to Congress and the legislatures of the States the power to enact functional laws to carry out the will of the people.

The people of Iowa, finding lotteries dangerous to their best interests, declared it a fundamental principle of their government that lotteries should not exist, and the State has not been cursed with them since the principle was adopted by the people. When the people become convinced that a principle is right, the place for it is in the Constitution. That

there are objections to changes in constitutions I am aware; but they are not as strongly urged as were the objections to written constitutions supplanting the unwritten ones. The constitution that can not develop is a fraud and a good basis for a despotism.

To the objection that the amendment specifies a single institution, the answer is that this institution is a special evil which is threatening the life of the Government by debauching and degrading the units of the Government. The question of its overthrow is the question of the existence or non-existence of republican institutions; and that the prohibition of the existence of such an institution is fundamental to the existence of the Government it jeopardizes is self-evident.

You are the ones who are to say what you will do with the matter, and I can only urge upon you the necessity of doing something. The duty of the hour is action, and the leaders should be in the front of the fight. Inaction and idleness produce the same results as treason to principle. The liquor interests are active and aggressive, and the defenders of the home should be equally so.

What we want is men and women who, for the love of home and country, will enter the struggle to win, and, after carefully studying the plan of action, draw the sword and throw away the scabbard, determined to close the struggle only when victory comes to bless our homes and our country.

THE DEATH OF KING EDMUND.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE Saxon Edmund reigned o'er Albion's isle
Nine centuries since. Scarce had the ruddy bloom
Of seventeen summers ripened on his cheek
Ere he was called to try the toils that wait
A ruler of rude men. Though his young heart
At times remembered with a thrill of pride
His grandsire Alfred—justly styled the Great—

Yet was it idly wont to rest its claim
More on ancestral virtues than its own,
Boastful of buried glory. * * * *
* * * * The years flowed on,
Till the seventh winter saw the envied crown
Still on his brow. Once at a royal feast
Around his board, the warriors and the thanes
He gathered, while with savage mirth they drained
The mighty goblet, smiting on their shields
In chorus as the skalds some favorite lay
Uplifted, of old heroes.
Deep the King
Drank of the flowing mead, and gazing round
In fiery exultation, fixed his eye,
Amid the distant dimness of the hall,
Upon a banished outlaw.
"Hence!" he cried,
"Dar'st thou to scorn my sentence and return?
Hence, from my sight!"
But still the muffled man
Moved not, and scowling 'neath his bushy locks
With careless credence, or defiance cold,
Gave insolent regard.
So, from his seat
The frantic monarch leaping, mad with wine,
Closed with the ruffian. But a dagger flashed
Like lightning, and the royal bosom felt
The keenness of its point.
One moment high
Spouted the red heart's blood, the next there lay
A frowning corpse.
Thus Saxon Edmund fell,
Whom men called king, but Wisdom deems a slave
To appetite and passion. He who boasts
His liberty, yet wears their secret chain,
Doth bow to darker servitude and shame
Than e'en the serf he scorns.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

IF there is one grand trumpet-call that inspires the Women's Christian Temperance Union, it is these words: "Thy kingdom come." They are the very foundation-stone of all its work; they sum up all the magnificent achievement of the white-ribbon army; they tell us of the hope to which we are looking; they are the very angel-song that we already hear while we toil on earth.

It is for no less cause than this that the white ribbon gleams upon the breasts of the women of America and of all the other lands associated with them. It is for no smaller aim that we gather in conventions than to look to the time that is coming on apace, the time that gleams before us, the time toward which we are pressing, when the Lord's kingdom shall so come that His will shall be done on earth as it is done in the glories of eternity. And yet, that which seemed burnt into my soul when, with outstretched hands, I asked God to fill them with His truth, that which seems to come to me more clearly day by day, is that only through the dark valley of suffering, only through the paths of sacrifice, only through the valley of humiliation, only passing under the shadow of the cross, can we reach the triumph of victory. We see it 'way down the ages; we read it in the pages of history; the soldiers in the long, forced marches, in the dark nights spent in the trenches, the traveler in the snowy mountains, day and night fearful of the heights that must be reached, these hear not the note of victory. They only know the suffering, but they trust on, because they know that victory shall come.

And those that walk along this way to-day, who have taken this great cause to their hearts; those who have gone out after faltering feet along the highways and the byways of the world; those faces that are furrowed with the lines of care; those cheeks that have been stained so often with the warm

tears that trickled down as they saw how fruitless seemed their efforts,—they are waiting for the day that shall soon burst upon their vision when this cause, that seems so small, so weak, shall yet be victorious.

In this great, new land of a larger hope, the wider you throw open the saloon door, the wider you throw open the gates to all of wretchedness and pauperism, to all of crime and misery, to all of degradation and the terrible load of wretchedness that is pressing out the life of the old world; the more you scatter, even in this young land that seems as yet so fair and bright, the death germ of that which shall yet bring misery and destruction.

The question in every land and city is, "What would Jesus Christ say if He walked our streets to-night? What would Jesus Christ say if He went down the great avenues and into the heart of the city where the saloon light holds its lurid sway? What would Jesus Christ say if He went into the back parts of those cities and towns and walked the pavements and saw all the products of what we are pleased to call our modern civilization?" This is what the temperance cause would fain face. We want to have the world as Jesus Christ would have it. We want to clear that from our midst which is in open enmity to His kingdom. We want to make our streets such that Jesus Christ could pass along them and bless us as He went.

Does it come home to you sometimes that on us rests the burden of all that sin? Does it come home to us when we sit by our firesides? Does it come home to us when we gather around our tables? Does it come home to us when our little ones are near us? Does it come home to us when we, so sheltered and so glad, hear the pattering of the outcast feet beyond? Does it come home to us that every saloon to-night that drags young lives down to shame and misery is an added burden on our load? Oh, if not, of what use is our boasted Christianity? We want no velvet-lined-pew religion. We want that Christianity that treads the streets, that hand that lifts the fallen, that heart that beats with the

great heart of humanity, and this alone is Christ's Christianity,—the Christianity that knows no separation between the religious and the secular; the Christianity that draws no line between Sunday and week-day, because every day is a holy day for Him; the Christianity that goes from its knees to the polling booth, and casts its vote as the most sacred thing entrusted to human hands; the Christianity that takes its politics into the light of the Eternal, and, praying for guidance on that great gift of the ballot, seeks only the world's best good, apart from party politics or partisan feelings, and in casting that little white paper, is able to ask God's blessing on that act.

Only when we understand such Christianity as that will our lands be lifted up from the mire of degradation into which they have fallen. Only then will strong hands close the saloon doors. Only then shall we be able to look upon our streets swept clean, upon protected homes, upon guided lives, upon sheltered men and women. Only then shall we feel it safe to send our children out into this great world, because we shall know that the mother and the father heart of all the nations is protecting them for their best good. Only then shall we understand that all lives are sacred in God's sight.

THE TWO ARMIES.

E. A. HUGHES.

WHEN Freedom, years ago, was born,
And this fair land from bondage shorn,
A castle grand our fathers reared
(Long may their memory be revered)
And circled it with mighty wall—
A massive bulwark, strong and tall.

Beneath this fort by freemen wrought,
Two armies oft have fiercely fought;
Each seeks its inner court to gain,

Each strives the other to restrain,
Until the fast-descending sun
Stills for a time the thund'ring gun.

King Rum, a warrior old and tried,
Dark-browed, ill-formed, and evil-eyed—
And yet a king with wealth untold,
A mighty king, whose power of old
Bade coward knaves allegiance own—
Again his bugle blast has blown.

His eagle eye is centred long
On yonder fortress, high and strong;
Whence, streaming free, mid earth and sky
From every breeze which passes by,
The flag of Freedom floats unfurled—
The grandest flag in all the world.

His bugle blast scarce dies away
Ere myriad bondsmen haste to pay
Allegiance to their master king,
Whose wondrous victories they sing.
His henchmen lead the foremost van,
Close followed by a motley clan.

Then Plunder, Boodle, Spoil, and Bribe
Unite in one most loyal tribe;
While Office, Fame, and Honor yield
And bravely take the gory field.
And last comes Trade, of quiet mien,
Alert, yet calm, with face serene.
He, too, must share in others' toil;
He, too, must profit in the spoil.
Thus Rum has marshaled at his call
The host that ushers Freedom's fall.

To meet this foe so mighty grown
The woman-warrior stands alone.
No king with crown of glittering gold,
No plumed knight with charger bold,

Comes forth her destiny to share,
Nor kith, nor kin, save here and there
A sturdy yeoman draws the blade
Which frees the slaves that Rum has made.
E'en Creed, that earnest advocate
Of Right and Truth, perceives her fate,
And hastens, in ignoble flight,
With Rum's vast army to unite.

And Freedom, walled in yonder fort,
Where myriad banners gaily sport
From every breeze which passes by,
Knows no alarm, nor heeds the cry
Of herald from the plain below,
Where, hand to hand and foe to foe,
The Woman-warrior fiercely fights
The fiend that Home and Freedom blights.

Brave comrades fall on every side,
While thundering cannon open wide
Her struggling columns; yet she stands
Unmoved and true to the commands
Of sov'reign Conscience, born of God,
A warrior brave, unswerved, unawed.
Yet not subdued. As smould'ring brand
By every breeze anew is fanned,
So dire defeat but stimulates,
But fires the zeal which emanates
From Love's warm heart, aiding the cause
Which rests on God's most holy laws.

There comes a day when this vile sin
A victory no more shall win;
When He who notes the sparrow's fall
Shall answer woman's pleading call
And crush the foe of foes the worst—
This demon Rum, despised, accursed.
Then shall the Woman-warrior rest,
And countless millions call her blest!

THE WIDENING HORIZON.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

YOU are told that public opinion seems to demand the saloon. As a White Ribbon I ask, "Whose public opinion? That of the home?" "Oh, no! The home is solidly against it." "Whose public opinion? That of the churches?" "Oh, no! Two-thirds of the church is made up of women." "Whose public opinion?" That of men who drink and men who sell, and men in professional, business and political life who don't like to get the ill-will of those who drink and sell. Thus, as the outcome of deliberate choice, based upon motives wholly selfish, these men have saddled the liquor traffic on this nation.

Let us be grateful that our horizon is widening. We women have learned to reason from effect to cause. It is considered a fine sign of a thinker to be able to reason from cause to effect. But we, in our onward march, have learned to go from the drunkard in the gutter, who was the object-lesson we first saw, back to the children, back to the idea of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social and legal work for temperance—back to the basis of the saloon itself. We have found that the liquor traffic is joined hand in hand with the very sources of the national government. And we have come to the place where we want prohibition first, last, and all the time! While the brewer talks about his "vested interests," I lend my voice to the motherhood of the nation that has gone down into the valley of unutterable pain and in the shadow of death, with the dews of eternity upon the mother's brow, given birth and being to the sons who are the "vested interests" of America's homes.

We offset the demands of the brewer and the distiller, that you shall protect their ill-gotten gains, with the thought of these most sacred treasures, dear to the hearts that you, our brothers, honor, dear to the hearts that you love best.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

I KNOW a dingy corner where a wicked spider clings,
Where he spins his web round bottles, glasses, jugs, and other things;
And I listened in the shadow, as one day I passed along,
And I heard the wicked spider as he sang his cruel song:

"Will you take a little cider?
Will you call while passing by?"
Said the wicked, crafty spider
To the buzzing little fly.
"Will you take a little lager?
Surely you will not decline
Just to take a drink for friendship;
Say, just sip a little wine."

"He is coming for his cider,"
Said the wicked, cruel spider;
"He is coming for his wine,
And my cord will round him twine.
While he sits and sips his lager,
I will whet my little dagger,
And when he has drunk his wine
He will find that he is mine!
Ha! the little fool is coming!
I can hear him buzzing, humming!
He who comes to visit me
Vainly struggles to be free.

* * * * * * * *

"You are welcome to my parlor;
I am glad to see you come.
Do not stay outside the entrance,
Please to make yourself at home.

"Will you take a little lager
While I sharpen up my dagger?

Will you take a drop of wine?
Then you surely shall be mine.

"I will bind you, I will grind you,
Though you struggle, weep and pray;
I will tie your hands behind you,—
You shall never get away.
I will fight you, I will smite you,
I will stab you, I will bite you;
I will make you poor and needy,
I will make you old and seedy;
I will make you bleared and bloated,
And with rags and tatters coated;
And your hat will look so shocking
That the boys will all be mocking;
I will haunt you till you die,
Then I'll hang you up to dry!"

O my boy! beware of cider and of lager and of wine;
Then the wicked, cruel spider ne'er shall get a child of mine.
Let us storm his ugly castle; let us tear his web away;
Let us drive away this spider. Heaven in mercy speed the day!

CONSCIENCE IN POLITICS.

DR. I. K. FUNK.

OUR party has been called in half derision a conscience party. We accept the epithet. Right here is the great foundation-stone, the corner-stone, of the Prohibition party! It is the introduction of the moral element into politics. It is the law of conscience for the individual extended to party. Is it wrong for the individual to steal? It is wrong for him to belong to a party that would steal. Is it wrong for the individual to stuff ballot-boxes, to buy and sell votes? It is wrong for him to belong to a party that

would stuff ballot-boxes or buy and sell votes. Is it wrong for him to oppose the poor by establishing or defending huge, oppressive monopolies? It is wrong for him to belong to and support a party that establishes or defends oppressive monopolies. Is it wrong for the individual to put the bottle to neighbors' lips? It is wrong for him to belong to a party that gives countenance to and makes legal the business of putting bottles to neighbors' lips. That is, the law of conscience out of a party must be the law of conscience in a party. That is what the Prohibition party means—conscience applied to politics.

And why should not conscience be applied to politics? What is a political party other than a combination of citizens for the accomplishment of political purposes. What is there in the act of combining to release a member of the combination from the law that governs him in his individual capacity? If a man steals through a band of robbers, is he less guilty than if he steals on his own hook?

There are two mighty reasons why politics should be revolutionized and conscience made the law of party, as it is now the law of the individual.

First, under our republican form of government nothing is so educative as are politics. The whole nation of voters go to school every year. Everywhere the dominant question is discussed. If politics are on a low plane the education is downward; if on a high plane the education is upward. This tremendous educational agency must be brought over to the right side. It will be of unmeasured advantage to compel the masses to discuss and take sides on moral questions. It is the mission of the Prohibition party to compel this.

Secondly, under this Government for the people all great reforms are wrought through the Government. It is the most potent engine the world has ever seen for weal or woe. It must be gotten and kept on the right side. This blind Samson, with eyesight restored, must be enlisted on the right side and help to speed the race upward.

The question remains, which political party is the one

fitted to bring conscience into politics? What chance is there for one of the old parties to become a conscience party? Not the shade of a shadow of a chance. The Democratic party a conscience party? At the suggestion a laugh goes up all over the North. The Republican party a conscience party? The whole South breaks out in a guffaw at the thought. The old parties are busy conserving what they have. They have no time for new things, new ideas. There is no hope at all along the lines of the old parties.

The Prohibition party is fittest in every way for the reform the times call for—the introduction of conscience into politics. It has been organized for this very purpose. The vicious element have no fellowship with it. No saloon-keeper will ever apply for admission into its ranks. The party is a national party. The best citizens of both sections are entering it. It is rooting itself as firmly in Southern soil as in Northern, on the western slope of the Rockies as on the eastern slope of the Alleghenies. The recruits are coming more and more rapidly—300,000 strong; 600,000 strong; millions are coming. There is electricity in the air, and that everywhere.

THE TOAST-MASTER.

FAST flows the wine, and faster
In banquet hall to-night;
And Truth sits as toast-master
To give the toasts aright.

"Drink—to a listless morrow!
Drink—to a will that lags!
Drink—to remorse and sorrow
And poverty in rags!

"Here's to the nerves that quiver!
Here's to the maniac's cries!

To Suicide's black river!
And misery's haggard eyes!

"Drink—deeds most foul and cruel!
And shame that shrinks aside!
Fine honor's tarnished jewel!
And wounds of murder wide!

"Here's that our children languish!
Here's doom to unknown lives!
Here's to a mother's anguish!
And broken hearts of wives!

"Drink—to the soul's disaster
And everlasting blight!"
Thus Truth, the grim toast-master,
Who gives the toasts aright.

THE CITIZEN AND THE SALOON SYSTEM.

SAMUEL DICKIE.

I BELIEVE that the breweries and the saloons are just as good and just as bad as the men running them. All that is good and bad about these places pertains in full measure to the enactments under which they are conducted and by which they are protected. The law did not evolve itself. It is the product of lawmakers who are the representatives and creatures of great organizations known as political parties. All that is bad and corrupting about this business pertains in all its odium to those political parties that have given this business the sanction and protection of law. Political parties are but organizations of citizens. All that is bad and debasing about the saloons and saloon legislation pertains in full measure to the individual citizen who, with complete knowledge of all the facts beforehand, votes to continue the saloon system. How can you, as individual citizens, unload

the measure of your responsibility in this matter? By recording your convictions against the saloon system at the ballot-box.

All great political problems are rallied about the points of finance and morals. This great problem, judged by either of these great tests, stands head and shoulders above any problem before the American people to-day. Strike down the saloon system and you do more for the solution of other reforms than by any adjustment of the tariff question. The best Anti-Poverty Society in the United States to-day is the Prohibition party. No class of citizens is so potent in politics as the saloon-keepers. The average saloon-keeper or brewer is more influential than the average minister. So mighty is the indirect power of the saloons through the old parties to-day that a majority of our church members and a very large number of our ministers intentionally and intelligently vote for these parties, knowing that they will continue the saloon system.

I grant that a majority of the members of both the old parties are right at heart, but the best men in these parties do not have their way. No party can be relied upon to crush out the saloon system but a party that runs up at its masthead the flag of no quarter and no compromise. God intends that victory shall come to the cause of prohibition.

THE ARCHFIEND OF NATIONS.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

AN archfiend arrived in our world and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First, he squeezed into the caldron the pieces of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he

poured into this caldron capsicum, and copperas, and logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and poverty, and death. But it was a dry compound and it must be moistened and liquified, and so the archfiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and the blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the archfiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath and put that shovel into the great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave and rock and boil and sputter and hiss and smoke, and the nations gathered around it with cups and tankards and demijohns and kegs, and there was enough for all.

And the archfiend cried: "Aha! champion fiend am I! who has done more than I have for coffins and graveyards and prisons and insane asylumns and the populating of the lost world? and when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another smoke—the smoke of a torment that ascendeth forever and ever. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the mosaic of my floors is made up of the bones of children dashed to death by drunken parents. My favorite music—sweeter than Te Deum or triumphal march—is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven-hundred-voiced shriek of the sinking steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts' cars, I have damned more souls, than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I!"

THE AMERICAN HOME

GEORGE W. BAIN.

THE question of the desolation of the American home and its protection lifts itself above every other question relative to American politics. I wish I could put on the canvas an imaginary American home. I would not make a fine mansion on the avenue or an old log cabin; but I would make a comfortable house with its garden and line of shade-trees, with birds singing the song of joy in the morning. Then I would put in this ideal home a husband, a wife and children, the eldest boy driving the team to the barn, the second one the cows, and the third whistling a familiar household tune. Then I would have Congress appoint a commission of inquiry upon political economy and inquire:

"Madam, we have called to know what this American home will do for this American Republic?"

She would reply: "Gentlemen, we are trying to keep our home pure; are trying to make our boys patriotic American sitizens; we are trying to make our daughter a true American woman; we are trying to love God and keep His commandments, and to cultivate the grace of hospitality. Walk in, gentlemen, and take tea with us."

The chairman says: "Madam, we have called to know what sacrifice this American home will make for this American Republic? This country is in danger, and we want an answer just now."

"Take our eldest boy," is the reply; "take him away to the battle-field, and if he falls in defense of his country's flag, we will kiss the second one, and say: 'Go, fill your brother's place.'"

Any government that will not protect that home by all the power of its police and the majesty of its law from the cursed liquor traffic is not the republic it ought to be.

It is told of Ben Wade that once he rode upon his horse to

find the Government. He went to the President, who said, "I am not the Government." He went to the Senate and Congress, and they said, "We are not the Government." He then called his neighbors into the old schoolhouse and said: "I want to talk to the Government."

I ask you, gentlemen, if you love this American Republic, to silence the rum power that is destroying our homes.

THE LAW OF HABIT.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

THAT which has been done once is easier done the second time. Repetition is the only basis of perfection. Patient continuance in well-doing conducts by a straight path to glory, honor, and immortality.

Since 1874 I have been a steady student of the law of habit—I had wellnigh said the law of fate. I have seen it slowly, gently, imperceptibly, wrap men round and round in its close winding-sheet, as if they were Egyptian mummies. So quietly was all this done that they never knew their bondage until the first faint movement toward a better life, when, behold, their helplessness recalled the Indian-tortured hunter perpendicularly planted in the ground with earth packed around him even to the lips. A miracle of faith has rescued some of these; but a study of years compels the admission that not more than five in one hundred inebriates, gamblers or libertines are ever permanently reformed.

The thoughtless boy, cigar in mouth, playing cards "just for fun," and a little later with a glass of beer as the stake, hiding all these things from his mother, saying to himself, "I'll quit this after a while, but I want to sow my wild oats;" the idle, spendthrift youth with fondness only for the vile company where his worst passions can be gratified; the besotted man, sold under sin, accursed of God and his own

conscience and his fellowmen—these are the piteous object-lessons that have taught me the supreme power of habit over human destiny.

But I saw that the tendency to repeat the same act, and the greater ease with which this is done the second time than the first, and the third time than the second, is the key to paradise as well as pandemonium. I saw the slow, unerring, unfailing plan of God, by which our habits may become our step-ladder to saintship. And I said to my own heart, in the presence of many a bloated inebriate, what I now whisper to you: "No evil habit, however small, shall have dominion over me."

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

[Capt. Crawford became a teetotaler through a promise made to his mother on her death-bed.]

MOTHER, who, in days of childhood,
Prayed as mothers only pray,
"Guard his footsteps in the wildwood,
Let him not be led astray."
And when dangers hovered o'er me,
When my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers! Ah, sacred memory!
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As, while on her death-bed lying,
With her hand upon my brow,
Calling on a Saviour's blessing,
Ere she climbed the golden stairs—
There's a sting for all transgressing
When I think of mother's prayers.

And I made her one dear promise—
  Oh, thank Heaven! I've kept it, too,
Yes, I promised God and mother
  To the pledge I would be true.
Though a hundred times the tempter
  Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, "No, sir!"
  When I think of mother's prayers.

* * * * * * *

Oh, my comrades, do not drink it!
  Think of all your mother said
While upon her death-bed lying—
  Oh, perhaps she is not dead!
Oh, don't kill her, then, I pray you;
  She has quite enough of cares.
Say you won't, and Heaven will help you
  If you think of mother's prayers.

BREAK THE BOTTLE.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

HERE is a saloon, gilded, glazed, embossed, polished, and fairly phosphorescent, in your eyes, with hell light. Come in. Beautiful, isn't it? Plate glass, cut glass, electric light, silver, ivory, mahogony, and gold. It ought to be beautiful. Free competition is prohibited by law so that it may be beautiful, and the bulk of sentiment is that it shall be made to grow in beauty year by year until it perishes of its own perfection.

Two busy men, clean-looking, bright young men, in snowy aprons flit from end to end of the long bar like Swiss bell-ringers, playing with deft fingers all the scales of Bacchanalian music, from the whisper of beaded bubbles moving themselves aright at the brim of champagne glasses to the hiss of adders in the last cheap whiskey.

A party of happy men enter. Let us watch them a minute. How adroit the bartender is! He makes the bits of ice, the spoon, the shaker, the strainer, the glasses, fairly play a tune; then lets the finished cocktails pour from the large to the small glasses so cleverly that it seems as if he had flushed a covey of little rainbows. A strawberry, a bit of something fragrant, and he stands like an artist, as he is, as if his work were done and his responsibility at an end.

The men raise their glasses—crystal never was clearer—and the drink gleams like a nest of a thousand adders, invisible except their flashing, fascinating eyes. They look into the great mirror over the bar. Would to God that saloon mirrors could be so sensitized as to show men the background of a drink! We can not hear what they say; something pleasant, certainly: "Gentlemen, let us drink to my mother!" My drinking friend, try that some time.

Look at the barrels. Each one bears the national initials, with the national stamp and seal; and every black bottle, by the stamp it bears, is itself a black and damnable edict of the sovereignty with the token and seal of the righteousness and seal of law upon it. You may not send a defamatory letter through the mail under a stamp of the United States postal service, or even a newspaper containing a notice of the Louisiana Lottery. Society must be protected! But you may go openly to a Government officer, with the expressed purpose of insulting the sovereign State of Maine or Iowa or Kansas by shipping there against the law alcohol, hell manifested in liquid, to debauch and defile and despoil the citizenship, and he will furnish you, at a schedule price, the stamps to give you right of way.

I want you to remember that a saloon is as national as a national bank, as lawful as a public school. I can seem to see upon the face or the rags of every drunken man a legend like you often see on packages of whiskey and tobacco: "Take notice, the manufacturer of this article has complied with all the requirements of the law, according to the statute in such case made and provided!"

Suppose you are remotely in this thing. What of it? If by your consent, express or tacit, your taxes are diminished by the shame-gold of license laws, I say that in the sight of God there's blood on every dollar you own. If you have a bottle anywhere, don't try to help intemperate men. The hand that holds a bottle can not lift helpfully on fallen men; the heart that consents to a bottle can not feel helpfully for fallen men.

Break the public bottle. You can't? You have never tried. You have tried to keep it corked on Sunday and election day—and failed. You have tried to keep it from drunkards and boys and Indians, but the drunkard was drunk yesterday, is drunk to-day, and will be drunk to-morrow; and for every drunkard that drops down, a boy starts in to fill the gap.

How do you break the public bottle? You vote to break it. The ballot is the freeman's little blast set in the rock of error, honeycombing it by slow and often imperceptible degrees. Perhaps the saloon is to go on, but I am bound to abolish my interest in it. There are twelve million voters in the United States. I'll vote my fraction right, and every time I vote I'll carry my share of that election as long as God is alive.

INDIVIDUALITY OF CONSCIENCE IN THE VOTER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE are firmly persuaded that the separation of the people into two distinct armies, one voting for men who will outlaw the poison curse and the other for men who would legalize it, must come, and that such separation can not come too soon. To-day the sheep and the goats are mixed, and that is not the method of a wise shepherd. To-day the temperance people are a mob and not an army, save as the drums beat, the recruiting goes forward and the battle is

being set in array by our brave brothers, the political Prohibitionists—God bless them, in these crucial hours! Their work is slow and hard and thankless—harder than the Crusade itself.

We do not wish to speak harsh words of armies rallied under other ensigns and against other foes. We simply declare that in the last emergency now hastening on we can not depend upon these; it is their misfortune rather than their fault. We must have this nation policed by an army that will see our prohibition laws enforced. We are tired of officers solemnly sworn to do this who unblushingly violate their oath, and by their traitorous alliance with the poison sellers devote to martyrdom our ministers of God.

With the annual drink bill at nine hundred millions, and the tobacco bill at five hundred millions, of which the lion's share goes to the Government itself; with the people of this country educated by the very curse that smites them until it is almost universally admitted that if they could march to the polls to-day they would outlaw the traffic; with the two old parties obstructing the path by which alone the people can possess themselves of righteous law and faithful law-enforcers; what wonder that we insist this is a national issue, and rejoice in the work of that one party which is trying to open the path by which in a representative government the people's will may be declared?

The supreme need of the hour is individuality of conscience in the voter. He needs to have more sharply defined perceptions of his personal relation to the Government. It is a good thing for the voter to make his protest against the liquor traffic in the prayer-meeting, or by his manner of life; but if he would really tell the Government as well as the Lord and the people that he wants the saloon closed, there is but just one method by which he can be recognized; but just one law under which his opinion can declare itself and his conviction make itself felt, and that law and method are fulfilled when he drops into the box a ballot that calls for prohibition as a law and a prohibitionist as its enforcer.

THE LAST DRUNKARD.

HE stood the last—the last of all
The ghastly, guilty band
Whose clanking chains and cry of thrall
Once rang throughout the land.

Alone he stood—the outcast wretch,
Left only with his pain;
Of each boon friend could memory fetch
To thought not one again.

He stood—but where was now the host,
The mighty, giant throng,
That late, in columns to the lost,
Had moved with gibe and song?

The hoary yet dishonored head,
And manhood's dark locks—where?
And woman, too, by error led
That broad way to despair?

Where were they all? The sweeping blast
Had burnt their life-blood up;
Health, reason, honor died, as passed
The simoon of the cup.

And he alone—alone! sad glance
Threw hurriedly around,
And earth and sky held mocking dance,
And upward came a sound—

A sound of mortal agony;
Upon his ear it fell—
A bitter and undreamed of cry,
With mingled laugh of hell,

As if were centred in that yell
All of the misery

Which broken hearts alone can tell,
  Which God alone can see.

It calls him, and, probation past,
  He shouts: "Ye fiends! I come!
Open, foul pit, and take the last—
  The last doomed slave of rum!"

A NEW PARTY NEEDED.

JOHN B. FINCH.

WE have determined to mass the voters around the principle of prohibition and take possession of the legislative and executive departments of the Government, enact this principle into statutes and enforce them. We are not seeking a balance of power, but we are organized to advocate principle and thrash all parties who do not accept it. We are seeking office only as it will enable us to advance the principle. We seek to pull down the old parties only so we can get the material to build a new party. We believe that if we can prove that the new party is a necessity all intelligent and conscientious men who favor the principle will come to us.

Early in Colonial history the men who had charge of the Government became alarmed at the liquor traffic because it debauched the citizens and endangered the Government. As early as 1856, eleven States had passed prohibitory laws making the sale of liquor a misdemeanor in ten States and a felony in one State.

In 1856 another issue came up. Slavery became aggressive. During the struggle pulpits were empty because ministers were in the army. Schools were closed or taught by girls because the teachers were fighting on one side for the Union, on the other for the Confederacy. But who ever heard of a barroom being closed for want of a bartender?

The bad men of a nation always make the necessities of a nation their opportunity for gain, and when the war was over there were five times as many saloons as when it commenced. Five prohibitory laws had been repealed. And when the people went to the dominant parties and asked, When will you settle this question? they answered, Not yet! Reconstruction was now the great question. The temperance people said, Hurry up! but the politicians gave political promises to settle the question.

An issue is never settled by dodging. There is no fever without a cause. There is no disturbance in the body politic without a cause. When great masses assemble demanding better conditions, the man who says it is the work of a demagogue is a political idiot. It means that there is fever in this country and the cause that has produced the fever must be found and a proper remedy applied, or the patient will take the nostrum of some political quack, and we shall be in a worse condition than now. The old parties would not if they could and could not if they would cure this disease, and, therefore, we must find a party that can and will. They are turning away from every vital question, and the inaction of statesmen is the opportunity of demagogues. We are not asking them of the past. We know what they have done. We are only anxious to know what they will do, and are, therefore, asking them, What of the morrow?

To-day the liquor traffic is a business created by law, in which a man with less money, less brains, less character, can make more money than in any other business. It is the only business in which a disreputable character is at a premium. No business experience is required for success. A man needs only to know enough to set up a bottle, be sufficiently versed in mathematics to make change, and have muscle enough to bounce a fellow when he gets noisy or doesn't settle. What is the result? Over 200,000 retail liquor-dealers and over 150,000 men who retail liquor in saloons and have no other business.

Here is your prohibitory law. It is a non-partisan child. It

needs sustenance, support, defence. We ask the Republican party, Is this your child? and are answered, No. The Democratic party disowns it. What is it? Non-partisan. Midway between something, it is nothing. It needs a party behind it to sustain it. Stay in the old party? What for? We have stayed and you have crucified us. There is not a politician in either of the old parties who is not a dog before the organized votes of the liquor traffic.

What is best? There are two old dogs. One has a bone and the other wants it. He could fight for it, but he stands watching, thinking that the other dog will have to cough and drop the bone. So neither of the old parties hope to win by a manly fight for principle, but depend entirely on the blunders of their opponent. We stand facing this necessity to rid our land of this organized, defiant, rebellious liquor traffic, and the old parties will not, can not, do it. We must close up our ranks, keep step with the music of "Home, sweet home," and press forward to a certain victory.

THE PRICE OF HIGH LICENSE.

A. J. WATERHOUSE.

WHAT is the price of a human life,
With its boundless power to will and do,
To gain the summit through earnest strife,
And ever the way of right pursue?
What is the price of its countless dreams,
Its days when hope's bright sunlight gleams?
And the rumseller says: "To further my schemes,
I bid one thousand dollars!"

What is the price of the boy who stands
Noble and fair as a god of old,
Reaching to life his innocent hands,
Dreaming the dream that lips ne'er told?

What is his price, kind father, say?
What is his price, fond mother, I pray?
But the rumseller says: "To make him my prey,
I bid one thousand dollars!"

What is the price of the daughter who leans
On the arm which supports her, noble and fair,
A being of beauty, one of earth's queens,
Pure as a lily, glorious and rare?
What is her price? Oh, ask of thy heart,
Parent who loves her, whoever thou art!
But the rumseller says: "For her, in my mart
I bid one thousand dollars!"

What is the price of the men sunk low,
Fallen and lost ere the day is done?
The staggering wrecks who come and go?
The women once pure, whom now you shun?
What is the price of the boys who fell
Bartering their hopes of heaven for hell?
And the rumseller says: "To lure them well,
I gave one thousand dollars!"

THE NEED FOR A PROHIBITION PARTY.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

WHILE I do *not* believe that legal enactments are of greatest value unless there is a public sentiment to enforce them, and *do* believe that the public sentiment must be the result of moral suasion, I also believe that in prosecuting this needful work we shall constantly come against the barriers raised by the legal protection and, therefore, sanction now given to the liquor traffic, the prosperity of which depends always, in greater or less measure, on the ruin of all other kinds of prosperity. When others have said, in their

zeal for a good cause, "We will vote with any party that will promise to prohibit the liquor traffic," I have been unable to go with them or to be willing to help in any trade of votes where conscience and principle ought to govern each vote.

The drink trade lifts its monstrous front of $750,000,000 of money spent directly in it, with an equal sum, in addition, taxed upon the people to take care of its miserable results. All the while the measure of its success depends on the deterioration, physical, mental, social, commercial and moral, of the entire nation, and on the utter ruin of an enormous number of thinking, feeling, suffering persons.

If the nation acted on the confessed sober thought of its representative men in every other walk in life, it would feel compelled to drive this trade from the fair face of this country as it would a pirate from our seas and oceans. This trade is a pirate against all righteous business. The greatest kindness to those engaged in it and to all connected with them is to compel them to take to other occupations. Such a course will surely add to instead of deducting from the value of all other business, and even though these other occupations do not bring in two hundred per cent. profit, yet they will not be sending many thousands every year to dishonored graves or to a life worse than death. Fire is a thing to be respected; but when it is claimed right to legalize a use of it that sets into a blaze multitudes of homes and destroys multitudes of minds that might otherwise be stars in the firmament of this nation's intellect, leaving only the white ashes of desolation as its best result, ought we to do nothing to prevent it?

I feel there has been no time like the present to take this great moral question away from being tossed between opposing parties and kicked by both, to a place by itself as a matter of imperative national concern. Protection to the labor and industry of the country must be given; but labor will always be mulcted in heavy taxation to keep demagogues howling for it and at the same time oppressing it while this nation legalizes, and so sanctions, the multitudes of drinking resorts, the effect of which on their frequenters is a befogged brain, a benumbed

conscience, and the steady transit of the toiler's earnings into the drink-seller's till.

There is dire need of protection for the workman's brain and the expenditure of his earnings. After that, labor will find that the true interests of capital and labor are identical. There is enough in the principles concerned, in the burning facts that can not be denied, and there is a shining goal to aim at—even the best welfare of this whole nation, of its homes that are more precious than all its gold and silver, its children and youth so infinitely beyond all other values. These are enough to equip all advocacy, enough to reach all hearts at last.

GOD IN GOVERNMENT.

MRS. MARY T. LATHRAP.

WE stand to-day the most thoroughly secularized government in the history of nations. We sneer at the "divine right of kings" and pride ourselves on the fact that we keep our religion and our politics entirely separate. Just as soon as we propose to put a moral principle into government, up go the cries, even from the church, "No union of church and State! No religion in politics!"

This dismissal of the thought of God in our government has brought our politics to the level of the saloon bar. How is the thought of God to be carried into the government? Only through the individual citizen. The citizen alone makes and unmakes our rulers and our laws. Why do most Christians pray like saints on Sunday and vote like devils on Monday? You may pray and exhort until you are old and hoarse, and you won't get your idea of God into government. Only when you have voted as the Holy Ghost dictates, have you any real power in government. In this country the individual citizen alone can carry divinity into government.

God has never let go His hold of human government, and in maintaining the saloon system we are taking issue with

Him. God's part in government has been from the first and is yet a reality. Every human government gets its authority from God's law. The Ten Commandments are the basis of our common law. Whenever we put a wrong principle into government, we take issue with God and God takes issue with us; and when God rejects any regnant power, nothing can save it.

God has rejected the present reigning power. But the new ruler of our country has, like David, already been chosen and anointed. Prohibition is coming to the throne. It may come in peace or it may come in a storm of God's retribution. We have legalized a moral wrong, and God is on our track. Many of us can remember when slavery was generally admitted to be a moral wrong, and yet we delayed putting it down until God came and wet the hills with our choicest blood. To-day nobody says that the saloon is morally right, and yet we are compromising with it. What had Belshazzar done more than our rulers that he was warned by God's handwriting upon the wall?

PROHIBITION SONG OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DRINK, friends, the parting hour draws nigh,
Drink, and forget your care;
The sultry summer noon is high,
Drink, and your strength repair.

Spare not, there's plenty, take your fill:
We have a vineyard proud,—
A reservoir on vale and hill,
A fountain in the cloud.

Our flowing bowl is large, you see,
Lift high the song of cheer;
Our hearts are warm, our hands are free,
Drink deep and never fear.

Our Father Sun the example gives,
  Our Mother Earth, also;
He drinketh sly, above the sky,
  She, jocund, drinks below.

Pledge, friends, pledge deep before we part
  To absent wife or daughter,
Or bright-eyed maid who rules your heart—
  Drink deep, but only water.

NEED OF HEROISM TO-DAY

REV. A. MC ELROY WYLIE.

THAT was sage advice from the mouth of a sage who exhorted young men to begin their career by espousing "some righteous, unpopular cause." Nations and communities advance upon the lines of heroism. We owe to heroism the entire railway system with its romance of engineering and its sublime victory over obstacles, compared with which Hannibal's passage of the Alps was a boy's freak. It was the heroic element that cabled continents together and solved the problem of the unknown by sending messages beneath an ocean's waters.

But whilst we would not underestimate the heroic along the lines of discovery, invention and material progress, we can not overestimate the heroic needed along the lines of the social, the political, the moral and the religious. The former heroism stands as sponsor for the body, but the latter heroism takes its stand as both sponsor and guardian for mind and heart and soul—as much higher than the other as a Columbus is above the carpenter who built his craft.

In every nation the chief demand for heroism is along the line of those forces which relate to the formation and defense of character. What is heroism most heroic in one generation may be conservatism in the next. Looking at the issues

of the present hour, we find large blocks of heroic stock left unsubscribed for as yet. Young men, you have the chance of coming in "on the ground floor" now.

In our judgment there is one great issue before this nation, compared with which all others are as idle as the wind and as unprofitable as the tournaments of chess-players whose victims reckon nothing. The mighty question confronting this nation is whether the saloon shall go, or whether manhood and womanhood, the home and the church, shall go. It would be unmanly to minify the fact that true heroism is called for to confront this monster. In the mill of its maw all that is precious to mortality or to immortality goes down in stale debauch and ruin. Who has not seen houses and lands, bodies and raiment and home, reputation and honor, heart and hope—all ground up and swallowed down in the hell of that cruelty which knows no pity and never cries, Enough?

It may take a St. George to kill the dragon, but here is a myriad-headed monster which demands the enlistment of five million voters and pleaders to campaign for prohibition and to uphold the *principle* when it is incorporated into law and constitution.

We emphasize principle, and why? First, because you can not settle anything until it is settled right, and ten thousand times it has been demonstrated that high license, low license, or no license can not settle the drink question. What is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy is doomed in the court of heaven and in the court of man's conscience, and ought to be and must be outlawed in human government. Secondly, you can not raise and maintain enthusiasm without you fire your question with a burning principle. Prohibition absolute is the only expedient that rests squarely on principle. All other expedients are compromises, and compromises fight with one hand or both hands tied behind the back. They excite the contempt of the enemy and invite defeat. Without a principle, no abiding enthusiasm; without enthusiasm, no heroism; and without heroism, no victory!

THE REVELER'S DREAM.

CHARLES MACKAY.

AROUND the board the guests were met, the lights above them gleaming,
And in their cups replenished oft, the ruddy wine was streaming.
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure bounded,
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.
I drained my bumper with the rest, and cried, "Away with sorrow!
Let me be happy for to-day and care not for to-morrow!"
But as I spoke my sight grew dim and slumber deep came o'er me,
And, mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision passed before me:

Methought I saw a demon rise; he held a mighty beaker
Whose burnished sides ran daily o'er with floods of burning liquor;
Around him pressed a clam'rous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suff'ring and the needy;
All those oppressed by grief and debt, the dissolute and lazy,
Blear-eyed old men, and reckless youths, and palsied women crazy.
"Give, give!" they cry. "Give, give us drink to drown all thoughts of sorrow,
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow!"

The first drop warms their shivering skins, and drives away their sadness;
The second lights their sunken eyes, and fills their souls with gladness;

The third drop makes them shout and roar, and play each
furious antic;
The fourth drop boils their very blood, and the fifth drop
drives them frantic.
"Drink!" says the demon, "drink your fill! Drink of
these waters mellow.
They'll make your bright eyes blear and dull, and turn your
white skins yellow;
They'll fill your home with care and grief, and clothe your
back with tatters;
They'll fill your heart with evil thoughts—but never mind—
what matters?

"Though virtue sink, and reasoning fail, and social ties dis-
sever,
I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes
forever;
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly
houses—
A workhouse for the jolly soul who all his life carouses;
A hospital to lodge the sot, oppressed by pain and anguish;
A prison full of dungeons deep, where hopeless felons lan-
guish.
So drain the cup and drain again, and drown all thought of
sorrow,
Be happy if you can to-day, and never mind to-morrow!"

But well he knows, this demon old, how vain is all his
preaching;
The ragged crew that round him flock are heedless of his
teaching;
E'en as they hear his fearful words they cry, with shouts of
laughter:
"Out on the fool! Who mars to-day with thoughts of a
hereafter?
We care not for thy houses three, we live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers
pleasant!"

Loud laughs the fiend to hear them speak, and lifts his brimming beaker:
"Body and soul are mine!" quoth he; "I'll have them both for liquor!"

THE FOUNTAIN OF CRIME.

JUDGE ALBERT H. HORTON.

I KNOW that some men look upon the temperance cause as bigotry, narrow asceticism, or vulgar sentimentality, fit only for little minds, weak women and weaker men. On the contrary, it is second to no reform of this age, and for this reason: Every race has its peculiar temptation and every clime its specific sin. The tropics and tropical races are tempted to one form of sensuality; the colder or temperate regions and our blood find their peculiar temptation in the stimulus of drink and food.

Our law rests not on bayonets, as in Europe, but on the will, the intelligence and the hearts of a free people. To adopt the words of Lincoln: "This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people." Hence, the grand importance of imbedding in every social and political society not only the need of universal intelligence and of general education, but also the necessity of teaching, cultivating and adopting habits of sobriety.

At the battle of the Pyramids, Napoleon, to impress his men with the greatness of the contest in which they were engaged and to cheer his soldiers on, bade his troops remember that forty centuries of the past looked down from their heights upon their deeds in arms. I know not how many centuries which now lie hidden in the invisible depths of the future may look back to the happy results of this contest for temperance reform with praise and gratitude.

In a country like ours public opinion is supreme and the law keeps pace with that public opinion and represents the

sentiment of the people. The liquor traffic is now everywhere conceded to be the great vice of the age. It destroys health and ruins the family; it widows the wife and orphans the child; it makes imbeciles of the most intellectual; it dishonors and disgraces the virtuous; it builds the jails, the prisons, the poorhouses, and the scaffolds, and it furnishes to each its unhappy victims.

A prominent scientist has said: Alcohol is the blood of the gambler, the inspiration of the burglar, the stimulus of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It suggests the lie and countenances the liar; condones the thief and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, turns love to hate, scorns virtue and innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring and the child to sharpen the fratricidal axe. Alcohol burns up men, consumes women, destroys life, curses God, and despises Heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, endangers our government, degrades the citizens, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend calmly surveys its frightful desolation and, reveling in havoc, it poisons felicity, destroys peace and ruins morals. It wipes out national honor, curses the world and laughs at the ruin it has wrought. It does all that and more—it murders the soul! It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy.

If these awful consequences arise from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, tell me, what law is too severe to protect the State or the home from its blasting influence? If it fills our jails and our almshouses and our asylumns with its victims, as all concede, tell me what law is too severe to restrain and chain the monster that is so merciless to mankind? If it feeds our penitentiaries and our scaffolds,

as all concede, what law is too severe to control or prohibit its sale?

When I think of the heartaches, the woes, the curses, the blows, the tears, the sorrows, the strifes, the crimes, the debts, the pains, the blasted hopes, the intense degradation and supreme misery which comes from one single barrel of whiskey, I join with a distinguished lawyer of my State in wishing that all of it in existence could be placed in one vast pile and consumed by fire, and that not another drop could ever be manufactured upon God's green footstool.

THE DEADLY CUP.

[Concert recitation for six boys.]

THE deadly cup, while others drink,
We'll never, never taste it;
It lures us on to ruin's brink,
And thousands have confessed it.
Come, boys and girls, the pledge we'll sign,
Be temp'rance sons and daughters;
We'll banish brandy, rum, and wine,
And drink the crystal waters.

We'll never take God's name in vain,
And never will profane it;
The virtuous heart shall ne'er complain
Our oaths alarm and pain it.
No word profane our lips shall move,
No words obscene defile them;
And swearers we'll entreat in love,
And pray for, not revile them.

We'll never use the filthy weed
We taste at first with loathing,
Which pales the cheek all blooming red,
And scents the breath and clothing.

If we beneath its power should fall,
  'Twill prove a cruel master,
Around us throw its iron thrall
  And bind the captive faster.

Then come, a war we'll nobly wage
  With all that would degrade us;
The foe may meet us in his rage,
  But God will surely aid us.
No tyrant habit e'er shall sit
  Enthroned and crowned within us;
True life these things but ill befit,
  'Tis love divine shall win us.

LIQUOR OR LIBERTY?

REV. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

WHAT will you have, my countrymen, liquor or liberty? You can not have both. You say: Don't bring the liquor question into politics. Is it not in already, and not the liquor question only, but the liquor also? What else runs the "machine?" Our object is to get liquor out of politics. The present battle between liquor and liberty is the latest engagement in the conflict of the ages between darkness and light, between wrong and right. As the darkness of approaching night slowly but surely crowds out the light, so liquor will crowd out liberty unless the friends of liberty drive out liquor instead. Either liquor or liberty must go.

As the question of liquor or liberty is nothing less than the old question of right and wrong in its newest dress, there is no room for neutrality upon it. Neutrality is usually a less odorous name for cowardice, but neutrality in questions of right and wrong is impossible. Refusing to aid the right is aiding the wrong. When Pilate was called upon to decide between right and wrong he tried to dodge. Seven times he

acquitted Christ, and then permitted, that is, licensed His crucifixion, washing his hands of responsibility for the crime of the mob. But all great Neptune's ocean can not wash the guilt of Christ's death from his hands, and in all ages and nations the infamy of this would-be neutral is perpetuated by Christians who say, "He suffered under Pontius Pilate!" So does the cause of Christ, the cause of right, suffer for every would-be neutral.

The only remedy that has ever checked the disease of intemperance is prohibition. Only novices in temperance work advocate high license. The argument for prohibition may be stated in four propositions, the four strands of the halter with which the rum traffic is to be hanged:

First, the business interests of our country demand the suppression of their worst foe, the saloon.

Second, the interests of American homes demand the suppression of their worst foe, the saloon.

Third, the political liberty of our country demands the suppression of its worst foe, the saloon.

Fourth, the conscience of the country demands that the attitude of government toward the foe of business, home and liberty, as toward other foes of the public good, should be one of uncompromising hostility.

In every large city the python is loose and destroying property, homes, liberty. Municipal reformers should learn that it is not by a change in the Mayor's office but by a change in the saloon that city politics are to be purified.

Not only in most of our large cities but also in half of our States, liquor has destroyed liberty. The government of the people, for the people, and by the people has already perished in the seventeen States whose legislatures, at the dictation of the saloons, have refused to allow the people to exercise their constitutional right to vote on prohibition. * * *

As the war of which Gettysburg was a part left not one slave in all our land, so our new conflict must not leave one saloon-keeper. For God and home and humanity we will first prohibit and then pulverize the liquor traffic, for it is

not an evil that can only be restrained, but rather an evil that can be annihilated when public conscience joins Omnipotence for its overthrow.

THE DRAMSHOP OR THE REPUBLIC.

MRS. MARY T. LATHRAP.

EVER since that whirlwind of the Lord called the Women's Crusade, the advocates of the temperance cause have consistently and earnestly been striving to bring the question to the exact point at which it has now arrived—to make it a political issue. Every movement that has sprung up, every organization that has been formed, has had the ballot as its eventual object and hope.

Away back in Maine, some years ago, lived a brother and sister who were of exactly opposite dispositions and temperaments. The brother was slow, sleepy, and easy-going, and very hard to get started; the sister was energetic, spry and ambitious. For a long time the sister had been urging the necessity of putting up a barn on the place. The brother said, "Yes, dear," but never took a step. At last she became impatient, ordered a load of lumber, and, taking saw, hammer and nails, began operations. A neighbor coming along stopped and asked what she was doing.

"I am going to put up a barn," she answered.

"A barn! Don't you know that *you* can't build a barn?"

"Yes," said she, "I know very well I can't build a barn, but I can make such an almighty racket that those who can build one will be glad to do it."

We women advocates of temperance are in a like quandary and we are applying a like remedy. We began some time ago making a racket, and now we can see signs of the barn going up.

For the second time in this century the people of the United States face a mighty evil, with resolution to conquer it and stamp it out of existence. There were many sober,

honest and good people who told us that we were too late with our antislavery agitation, for the evil had been born in the flesh and could not be rooted out. But we stood with the Red Sea mountains on either side of us and the old order of things behind us. The question then, as we saw it, was the life of the slaveholder or the life of the Republic, and we decided for the life of the Republic. We are now in the presence of the second great question of the century. Again we are told that we are too late, but again we stand with the Red Sea mountains on either side of us and the old order of things behind us. The alternative now is, as we see it, the life of the dramshop or the life of the Republic. We choose again for the life of the Republic.

We are here by the will of God, not as fanatics. It was Wendell Phillips who said that no moral question ever will lie still until it is settled and that no moral question can be settled without the power of God. The hour has been born, I believe, when the door of the last dramshop shall be closed. I don't mean to say that the reformation of the last drunkard at this coming hour is to be within our accomplishment. As long as degraded appetite gnaws in men, they will find some means of satisfying it, some den in which to grovel. What prohibition does propose to do is to change the attitude of the Government toward the liquor traffic. To-day the Government fosters and protects it; to-morrow it shall prohibit it. "Whom the Lord chooses reigns." I pray you may determine to choose with God.

REASON OFF DUTY.

E. S. LOOMIS.

REASON off duty, nerves all unstrung;
Slave of a habit, freedom all gone;
Hungry and homeless—oh, could I be
Back where I once was, strong, well and free!

Reason off duty, manhood all gone;
Down in the gutter, sick and undone;
Fruits of first tippling, cider and beer—
Young man, take warning, do not come here.

Bound with a fetter stronger than chain;
Reason off duty, branded like Cain;
Lying in prison, waiting my fate—
Young man, stop drinking ere 'tis too late!

THE FALLACY OF HIGH LICENSE.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

OF all the monopolies that disgrace civilization a monopoly in sin is most to be dreaded and deplored. High license entails that monopoly, and along with it the power to gild the hook of iniquity with dazzling, tempting bait. Elegant surroundings and "high-toned" social standing are the devil's most coveted allurements, and high license assures them to the saloon as no other method can. With concentration always comes power, and the political influence of the liquor traffic, now boastfully predominant in this republic where the side always wins that gets most votes, will reach the height of an autocracy under high license.

Shall we never get to the end of this high license fallacy? Shall we never learn that not the accessories to the sin of selling poisonous drink, but the sin itself is what Prohibition strenuously opposes and sets itself to master? Suppose we apply the high-license sophistry to gambling-houses. Would anyone propose to license these that they may be made to pay the public costs that they entail? Sacramento tried it and there came a hissing throughout the Golden State. The next winter a law against such license was enacted. But the saloon is the home of gambling—its natural habitat—and the greater evil includes the less. Do improved surroundings lessen the gambling sin? Has the rattle of dice a different

sound in a marble gambling palace from what it would have in a mud cabin? Is the demoralization less because the table is mahogany instead of pine? Are the suicides that result from gambling fewer in proportion behind marble porticoes than wooded casements? By no means. It is the effect of the gambling passion on brain and heart, on health and home, that makes it an unmingled curse; and its surroundings have as little power to change that effect as have the clothes we wear to change the color of our eyes.

It is at this point that the argument of our high-license friends exhibits its fatuity and folly. For the only real values possessed by the State are its citizens. What ruins them, ruins the State. Now, whiskey has precisely the same effect upon the citizen whether it is poured from a broken bottle or a cut-glass decanter. He may enter the place where it is sold through a carved door or one made of refuse lumber; he may stand before a rosewood bar or one of unplaned boards; he may swallow the draught of which alcohol is the fascinating ingredient from a silver goblet or a cracked tumbler; the men about him may wear broadcloth or blue jeans; the State may get twenty-five or five hundred dollars for the license—all these are outside facts. The inside fact outweighs them all; the physical harm; the moral degeneracy—these are just the same in the low-licensed groggery and the high-licensed saloon.

When we want meat we go to the market, without stopping to calculate whether it is one block or three blocks away, without reflecting as to the number of markets in the town. By how much more will the thoughtless and the bewildered youth, or the man who is under the fascination of the drink habit, make his way to the place where his craving can be gratified.

The same reason holds as to the evil effects upon society. The cross-grained conduct of the moderate drinker is not modified by the surroundings amid which he imbibed the poison that clouded his moral perceptions. The curse and ribaldry of the inebriate are just the same when he has swallowed the high-licensed liquor as if it had been low-licensed.

The blow he gives to wife and child sting none the less because the man who sold him beer or whiskey paid four times as much for the permission as had been required of him the year previous. Poverty, disease, disgrace and crime, these are not lessened by high license, as is proved by observation and statistics, but most of all from the nature of the case; hence, high license is a notorious fallacy and failure.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter as between licenses high and low: Of two evils choose neither. Christian voter, friend of humanity, repeat those words; let them resound, reecho and reverberate through every avenue of conscience, Of two evils choose neither.

FOUGHT AND WON.

M. A. MAITLAND.

HE stood with a foot on the threshold,
  A cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
  To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
  It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits you a royal welcome
  From lips of the bravest men."

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter,
  That sought in the old, old way
To lure with a lying promise
  The innocent feet astray.

"One would think it was Bluebeard's closet,
  To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nothing to harm you,
  It's only a game and a drink."

He heard the words with a shudder,
  "It's only a game and a drink!"

And his lips made bold to answer,
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had startled a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a hunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Were shut from his sense and vision
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet had bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away! in the name of virtue
And the strength of his mother's God!

What though he was branded "coward"
In the blazoned halls of vice,
And banned by his baffled tempter,
Who sullenly tossed the dice?

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the starlight,
All guiltless of sword and shield,
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

HOW TO SUCCEED.

T. C. RICHMOND.

WE are living in a time in the history of the United States when one party, having done its work, is passing away, and when the people, ready for another step in the upward march of the race, are reorganizing the social and

political forces to right public wrongs and to remedy public evils. But how shall we get this new party? Go out and organize it. Out of what? Out of the heart and brain and higher life of America. This fight can be won only by an appeal to the cultured mind and the elevated moral sense of the American people.

Since a political party in this country is, in its highest and fullest sense, a national institution, our party must be organized in every State and Territory. The laws for the enactment and enforcement of the principle for which we stand must prevail over every foot of soil over which our people claim the right to sovereignty. View this question as we will, it is national. The evil we seek to remedy is national. The influence of the saloon is national. The agencies it is using to perpetuate its existence are national. The institutions it threatens to overthrow are national. Our movement to destroy that evil, to counteract that influence, and to save those institutions must be national, or it will end in miserable failure.

The American people like pluck. They admire untiring energy and indomitable purpose. They will not be, they can not be, indifferent if we go at this work with an intense earnestness that removes all obstacles, surmounts all difficulties, and refuses to recognize in the vocabulary of the reformer such a word as "failure." Our great work is to overcome this indifference. Once get the people of this nation aroused to this subject, once get their attention fixed on this great reform, once get our banner so high in the heavens that all can see it, and we have made a wonderful advance toward final victory.

I believe profoundly that the American Ship of State is freighted with the hopes and aspirations not only of our own people, but also of all men and women everywhere who understand the full measure of the words "home" and "liberty." If this great nation of ours is to be redeemed from rum's curse and the unmentioned and unmentionable evils that follow in its slimy track; if our institutions so

highly cherished are to be preserved and strengthened; if man is to advance to a higher civilization than we have ever yet known—that new party must come to the front and enact and enforce righteousness and law. And if this new party is to come to the front, you and I must help place it there.

THE CURSE OF DRINK.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D.

NOAH did the best and the worst thing for the world. He built an ark against the deluge of water, but introduced a deluge against which the human race has ever since been trying to build an ark—the deluge of drunkenness. While we must confess that some of the ancient arts have been lost, the Christian era is superior to all other eras in the bad eminence of whiskey, rum and gin. The modern drunk is a hundredfold worse than the ancient drunk. Noah in his intoxication became imbecile, but the victims of modern alcoholism have to struggle with whole menageries of wild beasts and jungles of hissing serpents and perditions of blaspheming demons.

Drunkenness is the greatest evil of this nation, and it takes no logical process to prove that a drunken nation can not long be a free nation. Drunkenness and free institutions are coming into a death-grapple. Either drunkenness will be destroyed in this country or the American Government will be destroyed.

Oh, how many are waiting to see if something can not be done. Thousands of drunkards waiting who can not go ten minutes in any direction without having the temptation glaring before their eyes or appealing to their nostrils, they fighting against it with enfeebled will and diseased appetite, conquering, then surrendering, conquering again and sur-

rendering again, and crying: "How long, O Lord, how long before these infamous solicitations shall be gone?"

And how many mothers there are waiting to see if this national curse will not lift! Is that the boy that had the honest breath who comes home with breath vitiated or disguised? What a change! Oh, what a funeral it will be when that boy is brought home dead!

Ay, and there are many wives waiting for domestic rescue. What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband! O Death, how lovely thou art to her and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand! The sepulchre at midnight in winter is a king's drawing-room compared with that woman's home. It is not so much the blow on the head that hurts as the blow on the heart. The rum fiend came to the door of that home and opened it and stood there and said: "I curse this dwelling with an unrelenting curse. I curse that father into a maniac. I curse that mother into a pauper. I curse those sons into vagabonds. I curse those daughters into profligacy. Cursed be bread-tray and cradle. Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible. Curse upon curse!" Oh, how many wives are waiting to see if something can not be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange-blossoms!

Yea, and God is waiting, the God who works through human instrumentalities, waiting to see whether this nation is going to throw off this evil. And if it refuse to do so, God will wipe out the nation as he did Phœnicia, as He did Rome, as He did Thebes, as He did Babylon. He is waiting to see what the church of God will do.

Ask God what to do and He will make it plain. Do not ask your political party. Vote with reference to that day when you must give an account. Young men of America, pass over into the army of teetotalism. Tens of thousands of young men have been dragged out of respectability and out of purity and out of good character, and into darkness by this infernal stuff called strong drink. Do not touch it! Do not touch it!

GOD'S CLOCK STRIKES.

REV. GEORGE F. PENTECOST.

WE are often told that we must keep the temperance question out of politics; that it is a purely moral issue. That is, I believe, true as far as the individual aspect of this question is concerned, but the question has a public side to it, and as such it is a question that does and has and must in the future, much more than in the past, enter the domain of politics. In fact, it is already in politics.

The saloon power is a political power. As a matter of fact, there is no business that is so closely and compactly organized for political purposes as are the National and State Liquor Associations of this country. It is a monstrous monopoly which depends on legislation for its existence. It has been shown that in a single winter the Liquor Association of New York spent more than $100,000 at Albany fighting the excise bills introduced by men who had some appreciation of the danger to the State as well as to the people of this business. * * *

I have rejoiced in the principles and triumphs of the "Grand Old Party," which for twenty-five years has expressed and executed the best moral sentiment of the country in her official and political action. In view of her past history, I have been inclined to pass by with a charitable judgment some of her glaring inconsistencies of more recent date, hoping and believing that her underlying principles and her genius for conscientiousness would bring her around to a true position, and purge her from corrupt men crept in, in times of peace and in the absence of great issues. But now I see that grand old party trailing the glorious banner of truth and righteousness, under which she has marched for a quarter of a century to victory, in the dust and filth of the saloon, which has evermore been the bulwark of her foes, and lifting aloft the filthy and criminal rag of "rum and riot" for the sake of votes and office and spoils.

Lord Bacon has said that the saddest sight in this world "is to see a man marching in procession at the funeral of his own greatness." He was uttering an unconscious prophecy of the end of the Republican Party. Look at that party as now seen in the Empire State! Behold the humiliation!

See the procession, and at the head of the column a banner with this strange device, "An Act for the Protection of the Republican Saloon-keepers." This is not the party of Abraham Lincoln, of Seward, of Andrew, and the heroes, military and civic, of twenty years ago. She has been drugged by rum and beer, and now is strangely metamorphosed. Brethren, in the face of God and man I can not march in procession with that party any longer. For I can not at once look upon that new banner at the head of the column and into the face of God. * * *

Our remedy lies in the organization of an anti-saloon party whose one business shall be to destroy the power of the saloon, not by protests but by votes. There are enough voters who are opposed to the saloon, if they will, to overthrow their power. I pray God they may do so. There is no help to be had from either of the two great political organizations, and nothing but legislation with a powerful public sentiment behind it will deliver us out of the hands of the Philistine saloon-keepers. The Democratic Party is a saloon party from principle. They can not legislate against the saloon without an entire regeneration of their principles, for, as they put it, they are opposed to all sumptuary legislation. The Republican Party is not a saloon party from principle, but for the sake of votes she has stultified her principles and declared for the saloons. There is, therefore, no remedy short of political organization and legislation which, if it can not completely destroy this monster criminal business, will at least so hold it in check and terror that it can not thrive. Therefore, we must organize a third party whose corner-stone shall be prohibition of the traffic.

Brethren, let us do our duty in this matter. Twenty-five years ago God spoke to the conscience of this nation for the

last time on the subject of human slavery. His time-clock struck twelve, and rang out the sound full and clear. It said, God's time has come at last to destroy human slavery. The conscience of the nation responded to the call of Almighty God. Men sprang from both the Whig and the Democratic parties and united in favor of the Republican Party, and with one tremendous blow did God's bidding. Human slavery disappeared from these fair United States, and ever since God has honored this country as He never did another. One's imagination shudders to think what would have been the result if the nation had not responded to God's call then.

Once more the time-clock of God Almighty is ringing out the hour of high noon. God is summoning His troops from all parties, and bids us strike this evil—a thousand times greater than slavery—down to the earth, bind it and cast it out and down into hell, where it belongs. It almost paralyzes one's heart to think what may be the result to us and to our land if we refuse to respond to the call. May God enlighten us and give us the courage to strike in His name for the right and against the wrong.

KING ALCOHOL'S SOLILOQUY.

HARRIET ADAMS SAWYER.

IN the broad light of day my grim visage I hide,
Nor out in my uniform once dare I ride;
For 'tis red with the blood of the victims I've slain,
And it's spangled with tears, like the dew on the main.
That a victor I am there is none to deny,
For who ruins or rules so many as I?
War and famine their millions in dust have laid low,
But of all that is holy am I the arch-foe.
See my army move on! None can with it compare;
Though they fall by the myriads, why should I care?
For recruits always ready come pressing along,—

How I gloat o'er their revelry, joy in their song!
I am not content with aught save the best,
My recruits must be generous, their all must invest;
Let them take but a draught and I count them as mine,
On my black-list enroll them e'er the truth they divine;
And out of the specie that falls in the till
I forge chains to make them the slaves of my will.
The king on his throne and the prince in the hall
Pay homage and bow before King Alcohol.
In dungeons the prisoners have pined and have died,
But their spirits were free, and all bondage defied;
But *my* chains bind in manhood the God-given will,
Though they long to be free, they are prisoners still.
Press closely, O mother, your boy to your breast,
Though your arms may be weary, your heart now may rest;
Press again to your lips those tiny pink feet
For I'll cause them to fail, and to fall in the street.
Listen! How with sweet accents he now lisps thy name,
I will teach him his Maker's and thine to defame.
I'll await him in banquet, in home and in hall:
That beautiful boy—by my oath, he shall fall.
I hear the upraising of men o'er the land
Against my dominions—a host they command;
But at all legislators and "legions" I laugh,
While with my battalions my poison I quaff.
But there is one Name—I must whisper it low—
'Tis humanity's refuge, but my dreaded foe;
It has power to lift up the veriest slave,
At its mention I quail, ha! I thought I was brave.
That name—I can't speak it—I'll try to forget,
Drink again, O my boys! ere the stars all are set.
I have lost from my force some I thought were my own,
As they looked, and were saved by the Crucified One.
Then rouse ye, my children, find joy in the bowl,
Ye must not grow tender, nor think of the soul.
When the tongue cries for liquor let no prayer be said,
Though the children are crying and praying for bread.

If the thought of a mother, wife, sister, or child
Mingles pain with the draught, let your mirth grow more wild.
Drink again, O my boys, and again, one and all!
For ye are my slaves—I am King Alcohol!

"GET OUT OF MY SHOP!"

JENNIE E. MUNSON.

"I'M licensed to sell, get out of my shop,"
The rumseller angrily cried,
With a frown on his face and a curse on his lip,
To the woman who stood by his side.
"My moments are precious; I've no time to lose;
I have paid my license, I say.
'Tis my business to sell; I shall sell when I choose,
To those who will give me my pay."

"Your moments are precious! Precious for what?
To ruin some innocent one?
You shall listen a moment; 'tis little I ask
For the wrongs to me you have done.
You have ruined my husband, body and soul,
That you his scant money might gain;
You were licensed to sell, you answered me then,
And all my pleadings were vain.

"You lured him on with your honeyed words
Till your victory you made complete;
Till his money was gone, then one cold night,
You turned him into the street.
The night was dark, he was crazed with rum,
All reason from him had fled;
In the morning light they brought him home;
He was found on the railroad—dead.

"You were licensed to sell, and gave not a sigh,
For the miserable work you have done;
And now, not content, you are striving your best
Likewise to ruin my son.
You are leading him on in the downward path,
His meagre earnings you crave;
For that you are willing to send him down
To an early drunkard's grave.

"Go look at the miserable sots of our town,
Then go back to ten years ago,
And know it is you and your cursed work
That have brought them down so low.
You are licensed to sell? Ah, yes, it is true
That your license in money is paid;
But think not that's all will ever be asked
For the miserable wrecks you have made.

"You are licensed to sell; 'tis a miserable plea,
And you'll find it of little worth,
When you stand at the judgment seat of God,
For the deeds done here on earth.
When you stand in the presence of these poor souls
You have helped drag down to hell,
Of little avail will it be to you then
To say, 'I was licensed to sell.'"

THREE TOPERS.

HYDE PARKER.

THREE topers went strolling out into the East,
Out into the East as the sun went down;
Each thought of the liquor that's brewed with yeast,
And not of the wife with the tattered gown.
For men must drink and women must weep,
For there's little to earn and nothing to keep,
When the pothouse bar is groaning.

Three wives sat up in a garret bare,
  And they lit their dips as the sun sank low,
And they gazed at the squalor and misery there,
  Till the night-rake comes rolling up staggering slow.
For men must drink and women must weep,
And storms are sudden when men drink deep,
  And the pothouse bar is groaning.

Three bodies lie out on the shining sands
  Of the pothouse floor in the morning light;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
  For there's murder done in a drunken fight.
For men must drink and women must weep;
Oh! would that the temperance pledge they'd keep,
  Bid adieu to the bar and its groaning!

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

THOMAS FRANCIS MARSHALL.

IT does appear to me that if the loftiest among the lofty spirits which move and act from day to day could hear the tales I have heard, and see the men I have seen, restored by the influence of a thing so simple as this temperance pledge, from a state of the most abject wretchedness to industry, health, comfort, and in their own emphatic language to "peace," he could not withhold his countenance and support from a cause fraught with such actual blessings to mankind. It is a thing of interest to see and to hear a free, bold, strong-armed, hard-fisted mechanic relate, in his own nervous and natural language, the history of his fall and recovery; and I have heard him relate how the young man was brought up to labor, and expecting by patient toil to support himself and a rising family, had taken to his bosom in his youth the woman whom he loved—how he was tempted to quit her side, and forsake her society for the dram-shop, the frolic, the midnight brawl—how he had resolved and broken his

resolutions till his business forsook him, his friends deserted him, his furniture seized for debt, his clothing pawned for drink, his wife broken-hearted, his children starving, his home a desert, and his heart a hell. Then they will exultingly recount the wonders wrought in their conditions by this same pledge: "My friends have come back, I have good clothes on, I am at work again, I am giving food and providing comforts for my children, I am free, I am a man, I am at peace here. My children no longer shrink, cowering and huddling together in corners or under the bed, for protection from the face of their own father. When I return at night they bound into my arms and nestle in my bosom. My wife, no longer, with a throbbing heart and agonized ear, counts my steps before she sees me, to discover whether I am drunk or sober; I find her singing and at work."

I say these things have an interest, a mighty interest, for me; and I deem them not entirely beneath the regard of the proudest statesman here. On my conscience, I speak the truth when I say that if, by taking this pledge, it were even probable that it would bring back one human being to happiness and virtue, recall the smile of hope and trust and love to the cheek of one wife, send one rosy child bounding to the arms of a parent whence drunkenness had exiled it long, I would dare all the ridicule of all the ridiculous people in the world, and thank God that I had not lived in vain. And I have had that pleasure.

Think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous position, and wish to divide it with others. By my honor as a gentleman not so. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference to its only effect upon me, my mind, my heart, my body, I would not exchange for all earth holds of brightest and best. Let the banners of this temperance cause go forward or go backward, let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not, I for one shall never repent what I have done. I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intox-

icate his brain or derange his nervous structure, the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in through his clear eyes the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man,—though poverty dogged me, though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed, though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for all that time and earth can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path; so help me heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am—*poor* but *sober*.

WILL IT PAY?

MRS. MARY T. LATHRAP.

OUT from the hearthstone the children go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow;
A licensed wrong on a crowded street
Waits for the coming of guileless feet.
Child of the rich and child of the poor
Pass to their wreck through the dram-shop's door;
Oh, say, will they ever come back as they go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?

Out from the hearthstone the children fair
Pass from the breath of a mother's prayer.
Shall a father's vote on the crowded street
Consent to the snare for the thoughtless feet?
Ah! fathers, your finest gold grows dim,
Black with the rust of such nameless sin!
Oh, say, will *your* dearest come back as they go,
Fair as the sunshine, pure as the snow?

CASSIO'S LOST REPUTATION.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[Enter IAGO and CASSIO. CASSIO has been discovered by his commander, Othello, while engaged in a drunken brawl.]

IAGO. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO. Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offense in that than in reputation. . . . There are ways to recover the general again. . . . Sue to him again.

CASSIO. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, so indiscreet, an officer. Drunk? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

IAGO. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO. I know not. . . . I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

IAGO. Why! but you are now well enough. How came you thus recovered?

CASSIO. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO. Come; you are too severe a moraler! I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CASSIO. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! Oh, strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

THE TWO GLASSES.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother:
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the head of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army under the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail.
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me.
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before me fall,
And my might and power are over all.
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the glass of water: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad.
Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows I have laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley and dashed down the mountain;
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain.
I have burst my cloud-fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel o' the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

I think that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food, and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am fatigued with overwork, personally, my food is very simple. I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. I have had a very large experience in that practice for thirty years.

—*Sir William Gull.*

ON HEIGHTS OF POWER.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

LOVE'S light illumines the pathway ye trod,
Comrades of yesterday, now saints of God;
Gracious and great were your souls in their stay,
Greatest of all in their going away.
Blessing the world that you loved and you left,
Soothing the hearts that your going bereft.
Death did not daunt and you feared not your fate;
Sweet sang your souls, "We must love, trust and wait."

Faith that makes faithful and truth that makes true,
Hallow our hearts from the heights gained by you.
Happy White Ribboners, home-like is heav'n.
God girds and guides us through help you have given.
Motherly spirits of sweetness and might,
We wear your symbol in ribbons of white.
"Christ and His kingdom" our watchwords will stand;
Banners of peace shall enfold ev'ry land.

FRANCES E. WILLARD EXERCISE.

REV. W. O. PHILLIPS.

THIS exercise is arranged for fourteen children, either girls or boys, and is appropriate for a Frances Willard day. A framed picture of Miss Willard is placed on an easel, the bar on which the picture rests being long enough to permit of fourteen pieces of cardboard, six inches wide by ten long, to be hung on it. Fourteen small hooks should be placed at equal distance apart on this bar to hold the cardboard. Each piece of cardboard has in the centre one of the letters forming Miss Willard's name. The four corners are ornamented with small bows of white ribbon. The children should enter and stand on the side of the platform opposite

the picture. As each child speaks the line that begins with the letter on its piece of cardboard, it should cross the platform and hang the cardboard on a hook, beginning with the hook on the extreme left, and then stand to one side of the easel, the first child standing to the left, the second to the right, and so on. When the last line has been spoken and the name is completed beneath the picture, the children should form a pretty group, some kneeling and some standing, about the picture. If there is a curtain, it should fall while the children hold the pose; if there is not, the children may march off the platform two by two.

Far up the heights, thou nobly planned of God,
Rest not, till, standing on Truth's light-crowned cres
Above this rum-cursed age, thy hand shall wrest
New laurels from the foe; and that dull clod
Called public conscience, 'neath thy potent rod
Erelong may thrill with life. Though fiercely prest,
So oft by fiendish foes, thy loyal breast,

Wounded as was the Christ's, when earth He trod,
In houses of thy friends, still keeps the goal
Limned on the canvas of thy darkest hours,
Lest thou forget that God doth guard the right,
And myriad friends, with truthful, loving soul,
Revere thy work and pray from Zion's towers
Divine investure for thee of His might.

Though I look old,
Yet am I strong and lusty!
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,—
Frosty, but kindly.

—*Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 3.*

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

MAY PRESTON SLOSSON.

ALL of the woe of the world, its hideous squalor and sin,
Its riotous unrest and deadly sickness at heart,
Find inarticulate voice in the city's horrible din;
Fuller of dread than the storm that wrenches the stout ship apart.

Up from the country's calm, unbroken save by the bees
Busily humming their hymns of joyous labor and life,
Or the song of mated birds, or the whisper of scented breeze,
Came a woman with earnest eyes, to take her part in the strife.

In the conflict of right against wrong and of love against might;
In the clash of classes—the sterner battle with sin!
Into the blinding blackness she carried a ray of light,
And the voice of an angel was heard as it hushed the hideous din.

To man—bond-slave of the flesh, forgetting he had a soul,
Or struggling feebly against the power of passion and thirst,
Hating himself and his chains—this sweet voice softly stole.
With a note of triumph it rang as it promised him freedom first.

Freedom from the wild beast—not yet outgrown by the race,
Release from habit's hold, from appetite's tiger-claw;
And, then, to keep him secure of his loftier place,
Around him thrown the strong right arm of the Law!

Hushed is the loving heart that beat alone for her kind,
Silenced the silver voice that spoke the eloquent word

Ever and only for right; the clear-eyed vision is blind
To the light of the earth she loved. Our friend and sister has heard
The Master's welcome: "Well done!" She has gone, and we can not grieve
That rest has come for the weary, and yet unfaltering, feet
That often trod upon thorns. Rejoicing, we must believe
That all is well with her, and the bravely-won recompense sweet!

But what for us who remain? Is the battle over at last?
Are there no more foes to fight? Are sin and appetite slain?
Let us hold with firmer hand the hard-won price of the past;
Work so well that her loyal life shall not have been lived in vain!

DEACON GILES'S DISTILLERY.

GEORGE BARRELL CHEEVER.

DEACON GILES was a man who loved money, and was never troubled with tenderness of conscience. His father and his grandfather before him had been distillers, and the same occupation had come to him as an heirloom in the family.

Deacon Giles worked on the Sabbath. He would suffer the fires of the distillery neither to go out, nor to burn while he was idle, so he kept as busy as they. One Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarreled, and all went off in anger. He was in much perplexity for want of hands to do the work of the devil on the Lord's day. In the dusk of the evening a gang of singular-looking fellows entered the door of the distillery. Their dress was wild and uncouth, their eyes glared, and their language had a tone that was awful. They offered to work for the Deacon; and he, on his part, was

overjoyed, for he thought that as they had probably been turned out of employment elsewhere, he could engage them on his own terms.

He made them his accustomed offer, as much rum every day, when work was done, as they could drink; but they would not take it. Then he offered them a pittance of money; but they set up such a laugh that he thought the roof of the building would fall in. They demanded a sum which the Deacon said he could not give, and would not, to the best set of workmen that ever lived. Finally, he said he would give half what they asked, if they would take two-thirds of that in Bibles. When he mentioned the word "Bibles," they all looked toward the door and made a step backward, and the Deacon thought they trembled; but whether it was with anger or delirium tremens or something else he could not tell. However, they winked and made signs to each other, and then agreed with the Deacon that if he would let them work by night instead of day, they would stay with him awhile and work on his own terms. To this the Deacon agreed, and locked up the doors, leaving the distillery to his new workmen.

In the morning the Deacon was puzzled to find the distillery empty, but fast locked as he had left it. He was still more amazed to find that his workmen had done more work in one night than could have been accomplished, in the ordinary way, in three weeks. He pondered the thing not a little, and almost concluded that it was the work of supernatural agents. At any rate, they had done so much that he thought he could afford to attend meeting that day, as it was the Sabbath. Accordingly he went to church, and heard his minister say that God would pardon sin without an atonement, that the words "hell and devils" were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved. He was much pleased, and inwardly resolved that he would send his minister a half-cask of wine; and as it happened to be communion Sabbath he attended meeting all day.

In the evening the men came again, and again the Deacon

locked them in to themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum-barrels, and kegs, and hogsheads, with liquor; and then one of them took a great coal of fire, and having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, proceeded to write invisible inscriptions upon the heads of the different vessels. Most of the titles ran thus:

"CONSUMPTION SOLD HERE. *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

"CONVULSIONS AND EPILEPSIES. *Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.*"

"INSANITY AND MURDER. *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

"DROPSY AND RHEUMATISM, PUTRID FEVER, AND CHOLERA IN THE COLLAPSE. *Inquire of Amos Giles's Distillery.*"

"DELIRIUM TREMENS. *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

Many of the casks had on them inscriptions like the following:

"DISTILLED DEATH AND LIQUID DAMNATION. *The elixir of Hell for the bodies of those whose souls are coming there.*"

Other demons even took sentences from the Scriptures, and marked the hogsheads thus:

"WHO HATH WOE? *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

"WHO HATH REDNESS OF EYES? *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

All these inscriptions burned, when visible, a "still and awful red." One of the most terrible in its appearance was as follows: "WEEPING AND WAILING AND GNASHING OF TEETH. *Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.*"

In the morning the workmen vanished as before, just as it was dawn, but in the dusk of the evening they came again, and told the Deacon it was against their principles to take any wages for work done between Saturday night and Monday

morning, and as they could not stay with him any longer he was welcome to what they had done. The Deacon offered to hire them for the season at any wages, but they would not. So he thanked them, and they went away, and he saw them no more.

In the course of the week most of the casks were sent into the country, and duly hoisted in conspicuous situations in the taverns and groceries and rum-shops. But no sooner had the first glass been drawn from any of them than the invisible inscriptions flamed out on the cask-head to every beholder: "CONSUMPTION SOLD HERE," "DELIRIUM TREMENS," "DAMNATION AND HELL-FIRE." The drunkards were terrified from the dram-shops; the barrooms were emptied of their customers; but in their place a gaping crowd filled every store that possessed a cask of the Deacon's devil-distilled liquor, to wonder and be affrighted at the spectacle. No art could efface the inscriptions, and even when the liquor was drawn into new casks, the same deadly letters broke out in blue and red flame over all the surface.

The rumsellers and grocers and tavern-keepers were full of fury. They loaded their teams with the accursed liquor, and drove it back to the distillery. All around and before the door of the Deacon's establishment the returned casks were piled one upon another, and it seemed as if the inscriptions burned brighter than ever. "Consumption," "Damnation," "Death" and "Hell," mingled together in frightful confusion; and in equal prominence, in every case, flamed out the direction: "INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES'S DISTILLERY." One would have thought that the bare sight would have been enough to terrify every drunkard from his cups, and every trader from the dreadful traffic in ardent spirits. Indeed, it had some effect for a time, but it was not lasting, and the demons knew it would not be when they played the trick; for they knew the Deacon would continue to make rum, and that as long as he continued to make it, there would be people to buy and drink it. And so it proved.

The Deacon had to turn a vast quantity of liquor into the streets, and burn up the hogsheads; and his distillery has smelled of brimstone ever since; but he would not give up the trade. He carries it on still, and every time I see his advertisement: "Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery," I think I see Hell and Damnation, and he, the proprietor.

A CUP OF WATER.

JULIA M. BENNETT.

ONLY a cup of water,
But it was cool and clear,
And given with a pleasant smile,
And kindly word of cheer.

Only a cup of water,
But as the pilgrim quaffed,
He felt refreshment in the cup,
And healing in the draught.

Only a cup of water,
But with it words she gave,
Of One who lived a pilgrim here,
And died the world to save.

Only a cup of water,
'Twas all she had to give,
But while his life and sense remain,
That memory will live.

Then wait not for abundance,
Give of your little store;
With gentle word and willing hand,
He asketh nothing more.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

"WHY, Edward, you look so healthy now,
And your dress so neat and clean;
I have not seen you drunk about,
Pray tell me where you've been.

"Your wife and children, are they well?
You once did use them strange,
Or have you kinder to them grown?
How came this happy change?"

"It was a dream, a warning voice
Which Heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from a drunkard's curse,
Grim want and misery.

"My wages were all spent in drink,
Oh! what a wretched view.
I almost broke my Mary's heart,
And starved my children, too.

"My children, they have oft awoke—
'Oh! father dear,' they said,
'Poor mother has been weeping so
Because we have no bread.'

"My Mary's form did waste away,
I saw her sunken eyes;
On straw my babes not silent were,
I heard their wailing cries.

"But I then sang in drunken joy,
Whilst Mary's tears did stream;
And, like a wretch, I fell asleep
And had this warning dream:

"I thought I once more staggered home;
  There seemed a solemn gloom,—
I missed my wife; where could she be?—
  And strangers in the room.

"I heard them say: 'Poor thing, she's dead.
  She led a wretched life;
Grief and want have broken her heart—
  Who'd be a drunkard's wife?'

"My children, they stood clinging round,
  And scarcely drew their breath.
They knelt and kissed her lifeless form,
  Forever stilled in death.

"'O papa, come and wake her up;
  The people say she's dead!
Oh! make her speak and smile once more,
  And we'll ne'er cry for bread.'

"'She is not dead!' I frantic cried,
  And rushed to where she lay,
I madly kissed her once warm lips,
  Forever cold as clay.

"'O Mary, speak once more to me,
  I'll never give you pain,
I'll never grieve your loving heart,
  Nor ever drink again.

"'O Mary, speak! 'tis Edward's call;'—
  'Why, so I know,' she cried.
When I awoke, my Mary dear
  Was weeping by my side.

"I pressed her to my throbbing heart,
  Whilst joyous tears did stream,
And ever since, I've Heaven blest
  For sending me that dream."

'LIJAH'S CALL TO PREACH.

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

'LIJAH, he wuz de blackes' nigger an' de hardes' ter git converted on de Marrowbone Plantation. Hit seem like de devil had done hook he claws in 'Lijah, an' warn' goin' let go. Fo'teen years 'Lijah wuz seekin' off an' on. He do ev'ryt'ing. He go an' set on de side er a hill. Keturah, who wuz Mistis' maid an' a mother in de gorspel, tell 'Lijah settin' on de side er a hill would bring de very wuss uv sinners th'ough—but hit didn' bring 'Lijah th'ough, May be 'twuz kase 'Lijah wuz Marse George's body-sarvint, an' Marse George, he sut'n'y wuz a gent'mun, but he wuz sorter wil', an' he an' Ole Scratch wuz mighty thick.

Sometimes 'Lijah would git mos' th'ough, an' may be he ain' larf fer a mont', an' de Sperrit be walkin' an' 'Lijah could shut he eyes an' see right down inter hell wid de po' sinners cryin' an' hollerin' an' de devil bastin' 'em wid de warm gravy, an' den Marse George he say sumpin' so comical an' reckelsome dat 'Lijah he bust out larfin' an' den he have ter 'gin all over ag'in an' take a fresh pentence, kase ef you larfs while you is seekin', you lose de Sperrit.

But at lars, 'Lijah wuz meckin' a julep for Marse George out on de back po'ch, when we all heah 'Lijah gin a whoop —de devil whoops when de Sperrit drive him out—an' d'yar wuz 'Lijah, jumpin' up an' down an' crackin' he heels an' bawlin':

"Glory, glory, glory hallelujah, glory ter de Lam'! I am got 'ligion, an' I can sin no mo'! I wish Judgment day wuz heah so I could git ter glory. I ain' 'feerd o' nuttin' now, not ef de devil wuz ter come right heah wid he horns an' he hoofs an' he forked tail an' say, ''Lijah!'"

Jes' 'bout dat time, dey wuz drivin' de brindle cow th'ough de yard. She allers wuz like a wil' cow, an' when she heah de fuss, an' see 'Lijah hoppin' up an' down an'

yellin', she breck loose, an' come a-gallopin' roun' de corner o' de house, switchin' her tail, an' bellerin' twell you could heah her down ter de ribber. 'Lijah, he cotch sight o' her, an' heah de roarin', an' he stan' right still fer a minnit, den he 'gin ter bawl louder 'n de cow an' tuck out th'ough de house fars ez he could lay he legs ter de groun'. He run fo' miles 'fo' he stop. He tho't dat ole cow wuz de devil. Arter while, 'bout dinner time, we seen 'Lijah comin' down de road. He wuz a black nigger, but he so skeert dat time he tu'n right gray. He never wuz ez black arter dat. Marse George, he tell him, "'Twarn' nuttin' but dat devilish cow," but 'Lijah he say, sorter solemn-like, "Marse George, 'twarn' no brindle cow—'twuz de devil. He tooken de shape o' ole Cherry, but I seed her tail wuz forked, an' de fire come outen her mout', an' I ain' never heah no cow beller an' roar dataway. 'Twuz de devil come ter judgment, an' I got 'ligion now, an' I got er call ter preach an' save sinners fum outen de pit."

Marse George he say, "You black rascal, you got a call ter bresh my clo's an' keep my shavin' t'ings in order, an' ter arnser my bell." But 'Lijah desisted he had call ter preach. Mistis tell him he could do bofe, an' very naix Sunday 'Lijah wuz baptized, an' he went right straight ter de meetin'-house, an' he preach ter de niggers.

Hit wuz er powerful preachin'! You could 'a' heerd him er mile, wrastlin wid de Sperrit. De black folks 'gin ter shout an' git happy, an' some o' de toughes' sinners in dat county roll an' kick, gittin' 'ligion. Nine on 'em come ter de mo'ners' bench an' seven on 'em got th'ough. 'Lijah, he wuz mighty sot up over gettin' dem niggers converted. He baptize 'em hisse'f at de naix baptizm, an' he 'low de water sizzle when de sin come out.

All dis time, Marse George, he keep on gittin' wil'er an' wil'er; an ter make hit wuss, he wuz struck on Miss Amy Scaife—de Briarfiel' Scaifes wuz de fust quality, you kin be sho'. She wuz ez putty ez de peach-blossoms, an' when she an' Marse George stan' up ter dance, dey sut'n'y wuz de

han'somes' couple dis nigger ever see. But arter a while, po' Marse George got drunk at er party at Briarfiel' an' dat wuz de end. Naix time Miss Amy see him, she pass him wid her hade up like one o' dese heah tender-mouf fillies wid a curb bit an' snaffle, an' Marse George he look mighty black at her. He say: "Miss Scaife, ain' I worthy uv more uv a bow 'n dat ar?" An' she say, "No, sah. You are not."

'Lijah say he doan' b'lieve Miss Amy wuz ez mad ez she meck out. He say she wuz in love wid Marse George, an' kep' on hopin' he wuz gwi' ter do better. But Marse George he tu'n white, an' he say: "Dat's all, madam. I dissect de situation," an' den—Lordee! He got on de wuss spree! Dat spree tu'n Mistis' hyar gray.

Well, arter a while de war come, an' Marse George went ter de war, an' he wuz Cap'n uv a comp'ny, an' he do mighty well an' ain' drink er drop. 'Lijah went 'long wid him. But fust t'ing de Yankees wuz shootin' one day an' dey tuck aim at Marse George an' shoot he leg off'n him. He hed ter come home den, an' Mistis she an' 'Lijah nuss him twell he got well, an' Jim Henry, de carpenter, he made er wooden leg fer Marse George.

'Twarn' 'long' fo' he wuz stumpin' roun', but dat ar wooden leg seem ter change him ev'y way, an' it look mighty pitiful when he wuz limpin' roun' wid de leg Jim Henry meck him, 'sted o' de one Gord A'mighty gin him. Den he had kep' mons'us straight an' sober, an' Mistis tho't he had done reform fer good, but he wuz so miserbul he tuck ter frolickin' ag'in. Hit jes' kilt Mistis, an' 'bout de time Marse Abe Grant sot de niggers free an' de war wuz over, Mistis tooken ter her big baid in de chaimber.

At de fun'al Marse George wuz d'yar; he hed been 'way on one he sprees when Mistis die, an' Miss Amy Scaife, she wuz d'yar, too. She went up ter Marse George an' spoken ter him, de fust time sence dey had de fallin' out. Marse George he say ter her mighty rough, dough didn' nobody hardly heah him: "Ef you had treat me right I would er been er diff'unt man."

Miss Amy she tu'n pale an' say: "Ef you warn't a diff'-unt man fer yerse'f an' yo' mother, you wouldn' ha' bin so fer me."

But Marse George he say: "I would; I love you better'n anyt'ing in de worl'. I know my mother love me, no matter what I do, but I would 'a' had ter conduc' myse'f proper fer you ter love me, an' I would 'a' done it, Amy."

I doan' like ter talk 'bout how Marse George do arter dat, but 'twuz mons'us bad. He go 'way, an' nobody doan' heah no mo' 'bout him, an' nobody keer 'cep' Miss Amy Scaife an' 'Lijah. Miss Amy could 'a' got married, but she tell her pa, if she can' marry Marse George, she ain' gwi' marry nobody else.

Well, one night, mos' fo' years arter Marse George had done gone 'way, 'Lijah wuz preachin' 'bout 'pentence. 'Twuz summer an' de windows wuz up, an' da wuz some candles in de meetin'-house, an' outside somebody had done meck er fire ter keep de skeeters 'way; an' while 'Lijah wuz baigin' de po' sinners ter come ter de Lam', he look up, an' right d'yar peekin' in de winder, wuz Marse George! An' he face, he face! 'Lijah say hit look like de devil had done put he mark d'yar. 'Fo' dat, no matter how bad he wuz, he look like de pleasantes', kindes' gent'mun you ever see; but dis heah time he look like he had done kill somebody.

Hadn' nobody seed him but 'Lijah, an' hit gin him er sorter turn. But he kep' on preachin'. He says: "Brethern, we is all po' los' sheep—all on us, but ef we ain' safe in de sheepfol', Gord knows it an' He gwi' look fer us. 'Tain't only de leetle fat yearlin', good fer de bes' mutton, wid de white wool on de backs, but de po' ole wedders, dat ain' no 'count an' de wool is all full uv burrs an' briars, an' de miserbul lam's dat nobody can' raise an' de black sheep dat ain' wuff nuttin' 'tall. Gord A'mighty feel mighty sorry fer dese black sheep. He willin' fer 'em ter come up an' git de corn jes' same ez de res'. He turn 'em inter de rich parster wid de res' o' de flock whar de grass growin' high an' whar de ripplin' waters flow. He doan' t'ink no less

on 'em kase nobody else ain' got no use fer 'em. He doan' begrutch 'em nuttin'—de Shepherd—He teck keer dat black sheep jes' ez same ez de white ones. He callin' 'em all de time. He ain' gwi' drive 'em outen de sheepfol' when 'tis col' an' dark an' dey come sneakin' in. D'yar is plenty room for 'em all—plenty for all po' sinners."

An' pres'n'y, 'Lijah see Marse George' hade creepin' up over de windersill, an' he look an' listen wid er wil' look on he face, an' when de meetin' wuz out 'Lijah wait twell de fo'ks wuz gone an' d'yar wuz Marse George outsiden de winder waitin' fer him. Marse George, he trimble an' say: "Dat sermon went ter de marrer," an' den fus' t'ing he 'gins ter cuss an' laugh an' sing an' say: "Well, ole boy, I had my fling. I'm 'bout ready ter go now, an' I come back heah ter die but arter I got heah I fin' I ain' got nowhar ter die. I speck de ribber's good 'nough for sech ez me." An' while he wuz larfin' an' singin' he start ter coughin', an' 'Lijah tho't he goin' die right d'yar. An' fust t'ing, de blood come outen he mouf, an' he hade fall back an' 'Lijah make sho' he wuz gone.

But he warn'. Some fo'ks wuz gwi' by in er cyart, an' 'Lijah heah de wheels—kase 'twuz so dark he couldn't see 'em—an' he holler an' dey come an' pick Marse George up. An' de neares' place wuz Briarfiel', whar Miss Amy Scaife an' her pa live, an' d'yar dey token Marse George.

Marse Scaife, Miss Amy's pa, he meet 'em at de do' an' when he see 'twuz Marse George, he say: "Bring him in. I never tho't ter see he father's son come ter dis pass." An' Miss Amy, she jes' look at him onct, an' fall right over, like she wuz daid.

Arter while she come to, an' she go up inter de bes' baid-room, where dey had done lay him, an' set by him an' watch 'twell de doctor come. 'Lijah wuz d'yar, too, an' when Marse George open he eyes 'twuz mos' midnight. D'yar he lay in er comf'able baid, wid er hickory fire in de fireplace, an' 'Lijah settin' by him, an' Miss Amy settin' on de yether side. He look fus' at one an' den at t'other, an' he say arf' while:

"Dis heah seem like heaven. De onlies' two creatures in de worl' dat can t'ro' er stone at me is you, Amy, an' 'Lijah."

Miss Amy say: "George, I ain' never t'ro' er stone at you. Ef I didn' marry you, 'twan' kase I didn' love you."

An' Marse George say, feeble-like: "Say dat ar agin, Amy. I tho't nobody in de wide worl' would say dat sorter t'ing ter me no mo'."

'Lijah, he had done cry when he see Marse George, an' he cry some mo' den. He say: "Marse George, I ain' never forgot you, ner blame you, ner nuttin', an' when I see yo' face to-night, I stop preachin' ter dem niggers, an' preach right straight at you, kase I got er call ter preach an' ter save sinners, an' when Gord A'mighty gin it ter me He know'd I wuz gwi' use it fer you."

Marse George kinder smile. He say: "'Lijah sut'n'y has got er call ter preach."

Co'se, he couldn' git well—de fus' look at him show dat—but he live mo'n a mont'. He didn' suffer no pain much—jes' he consicrution had done broke down, an' he had er cough, an' he couldn' git he bre'f. 'Lijah he never lef' him night er day, an' Miss Amy, she spen' mos' all her time settin' by him, holdin' he han'. Hit seem like she didn' keer who know she love him, now he wuz mos' daid. An' somehow, she look happier 'n she look since she wuz er gal. Ez fer him, he acshilly look like hisse'f 'fo' he die. He didn' never swar ner cuss no mo', he sut'n'y wuz de patientes' man, like he had been 'fo' de war. He tell Miss Amy he sorry fer all de trouble he bring on her an' ole Mistis; dat he didn' never 'speck ter sink so low, but de war an' de wooden leg an' de loss o' he property, an' her 'fusin' ter speak ter him kinder drive him ter de devil—an' he wuz d'yar 'fo' he know it. An' he jine de chu'ch, an' he die like a gent'mun, ef he hav'n' live like one, tole ev'ybody good-bye, an' hol' Miss Amy's hand twell de lars. He sorter look young an' han'-some arter he wuz daid an' laid out.

'Lijah, he still preachin' jes' ez loud as ever, an' dat nigger, he converted Marse George, ef he never convert nobody else.

"I WILL NOT DRINK."

JOHN WRIGGLESWORTH.

"I WILL not drink!" The words were grand,
As the tempter stood, with glass in hand,
Before a man whose very soul
Had drained the dregs of the cursèd bowl—
Whose wife and children oft had borne
The pang of hunger's cruel thorn,
And who had felt, in winter's cold,
The woes of many a bedless night;
But who, at last had comfort found
At home, made glad with temperance light.

"Drink just this time," the tempter said,
As a smile his countenance o'erspread;
"Drink for my sake; 'twill do you good,
'Twill purify and cleanse the blood!
Drink! for your face has grown quite pale.
There's nothing wrong in a glass of ale.
Don't mind those who at drink take fright
And who in water take delight.
Take this, and never fear to own
A glass of beer is good and right."

"I will not drink, whate'er you say;
I will not throw my life away!
No tempter shall have power o'er me
Again, for brighter days I see
Approaching, that will cheer my life,—
Days full, not of the bitter strife
Of drunkenness. My care is now
For those I love. I find a bliss
In caring thus; and, had I known,
Temp'rance were mine long, long ere this!

"I can not drink without I break
The pledge I took when I was weak—
The pledge I took when drink had seared
My soul with sin, when shame besmeared
My daily walks, and vice o'erthrew
The good resolves I would pursue,
  But could not. True I'll keep till death.
    And no alluring art of thine
  Shall tempt me to forsake my vow;
    For it is sealed by grace divine!"

"By grace divine!" Those words sufficed
To slay the arts the tempter prized—
Sufficed to rob him of his prey,
And scatter all his hopes away;
And, angry at his own defeat,
He, murmuring, made a quick retreat.
  "I will not drink!" The words were grand;
    The man that spoke them brave and true.
  He felt the blessings temperance brings,
    And vowed he would her path pursue.

TAM O'SHANTER.

ROBERT BURNS.

WHEN chapman billies[1] leave the street,
  An' thirsty neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearin' late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit drinkin' at the nappy,[2]
An' gettin' fou an' unco happy;
We think na on the lang, lang miles,
The mosses, waters, gates an' styles,
That lie between us an' our hame,
Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gath'rin' her brows like gath'rin' storm,
Nursin' her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter.
O Tam, hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,[3]
A bletherin', blusterin', drucken blellum;[4]
That frae November till October
Ae market-day thou wast na sober;
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wad be found, deep-drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' wizards in the mirk[5]
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.[6]
But to our tale: Ae market-night
Tam had got planted, unco right,
Fast by a fireplace bleezing finely,
Wi' frothin' ale that drank divinely;
An' at his elbow, Cobbler Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, thirsty crony.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter,
An' aye the ale was growin' better,
The landlady an' Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favors secret, sweet, an' precious;
The cobbler tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
The storm without might rair an' rustle—
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed,
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
An' sic a night he tak's the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd,—
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray meare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam hasten'd on thro' dub an' mire,
Despisin' wind an' rain an' fire;
Whiles holdin' fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles croonin' o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whiles glow'rin' round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares,
Kirk-Alloway was drawin' nigh,
Whare ghosts an' houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the foord
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
An' past the same unlucky stane
Whare drucken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
An' near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doublin' storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnin's flash frae pole to pole;
Near an' more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmerin' through the groanin' trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka hole the beams were glancin'
An' loud resounded mirth an' dancin'.

Inspirin', bold John Barleycorn!

What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!
The ale sae frothed in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle[8]
But Maggie stood, right sair astonished,
Till by the heel an' hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
An', wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Goblins an' witches in a dance—
Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys,[9] an' reels
Put life an' mettle in their heels.
Upon a window in the east,
There sat Auld Nick, in shape o' beast,
A shaggy dog, black, grim, an' large,
To gie them music was his charge.
He screw'd the pipes an' made them skirl[10]
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.[11]
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses,
An', by some dev'lish cantraip[12] slight,
Each in his cauld hand held a light,
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted,
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted,
Wi' mair o' horrible an' awfu'
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glow'r'd, amaz'd an' curious,
The mirth an' fun grew fast an' furious.
The piper loud an' louder blew,
The dancers quick an' quicker flew.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench an' walie,[13]
That night enlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,

An' perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
An' shook baith meikle corn an' bear,[14]
An' kept the country-side in fear).

Behold how Nannie lap an' flang
(A souple jade she was an' strang);
An' how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
An' thought his very een enrich'd.
Ev'n Satan glow'r'd an' fidg'd fu' fain,
An' hotched an' blew wi' might an' main.
Till, first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam lost his reason a' thegither,
An' roars out, "Weel done, pretty lark!"
An' in an instant a' was dark.
An' scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke[15]
When plunderin' herds assail their byke;[16]
As open pussie's mortal foes
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony a ghostly screech an' hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin',
Below they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
An' win the keystane o' the brig;
There, at them thou thy tail may toss,
A runnin' stream they dare na cross;
But ere the keystane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,

An' flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[17]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ane gray tail,
For Nannie claught her by the rump,
An' left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth is heerd,
Each man an' mither's son tak' heed:
Whane'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or dancing dames run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys o'er dear—
Remember Tam O'Shanter's meare.

1—young fellows.
2—ale house.
3—a reckless fellow.
4—an idle, talking fellow.
5—dark.
6—church.
7—a hollow filled with water.
8—a copper coin of small value.
9—a dance resembling a reel but slower.
10—shriek.
11—tremble.
12—spell.
13—jolly.
14—barley.
15—fuss.
16—hive.
17—striving.

SPARE THE YOUTH.

LETITIA W. BROSIUS.

[Written when 87 years old.]

SPARE, O spare! the noble youth of our country,
And may our Heavenly Father's care
Shield them from the tempter's snare,
On every hand.
For the rum power great and strong
Have their dens strewn all along
The paths they tread,
Professing Christians give their aid,

To legalize this sinful trade
All o'er the land.
No matter how many tears may flow,
Nor how many hearts crushed low,
And children cry for bread;
No matter what sacred ties are riven
Nor how many souls are driven
Down in despair.
Still the tide of crime rolls on,
Like a mighty river, swift and strong,
With rapid stride,
Crushing mankind in his prime
And blasting woman's hopes divine,
For paltry gold.
And claiming revenue for gain,
From that which brings naught but pain,
To human hearts.
Can a nation live and grow
While legalizing crime and woe
On every hand?
Ye men who claim Christ for your guide,
Come, cast your ballots on His side,
For truth and right.
Crush the rum power now so strong,
And send glad tidings forth in song
All o'er the land.
Let it sound o'er hill and plain,
That joy and happiness may reign:
God leads the way.

GIRLS, DON'T MARRY A DRUNKARD.

WHEN I married a drunkard, I reached the acme of misery. I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not under-

stand it. There is not a young girl that does understand it, unless she has had a drunkard in her family; then perhaps she knows how deeply the iron enters into the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard, whether father, husband, brother, or son. Girls, believe me when I tell you that to marry a drunkard is the crown of all misery.

My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, when he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober.

My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days. He had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; my two little girls were in bed in the next room, while beyond was another into which I heard my husband go, as he entered the house. That room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked frantically, but no answer came. I seemed endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight, the terrible sight! Delirium tremens! God grant that you may never see it, girls. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes glaring with insanity, in his hand a large knife.

"Take them away! The horrid things, they are crawling all over me. Take them away, I say!" and he flourished the knife in the air.

Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There lay my children covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment, I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of this terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had wrought me this woe. Then I uttered one loud scream. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he

TEMPERANCE ALPHABET.

A stands for Alcohol, deathlike its grip ;
B for Beginner, who takes just a sip ;
C for Companion, who urges him on ;
D for the Demon of Drink that is born ;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist.
F stands for Friends who so loudly insist ;
G for the Guilt that he afterward feels ;
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels ;
I his Intention to drink not at all.
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall ;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave ;
L for the Liquors his appetites crave ;
M for convivial Meetings so gay.
N stands for No that he tries hard to say ;
O for the Orgies that then come to pass.
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass ;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound.
R stands for Ruin, that hovers around.
S stands for Sights that his vision bedim.
T stands for Trembling that seizes his limb ;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes ;
W for Waning of life that's soon done ;
X for his eXit regretted by none.
Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime ;
Zealousy turn from the tempter in time.

WOMAN IN TEMPERANCE.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE are wiser than we were; our intellects ought to be all aflame with clear and penetrating thought. We are more loving-hearted than we were; our sympathies ought to

move with more compassionate enthusiasm to the rescue where the onslaught is most fierce and the crisis most inevitable. We have a steadiness of purpose that comes of faith in God, and our wills ought to fly with resistless sweep to the execution of both thought and sympathy in glowing deeds.

Revolutions never move backward. Pillar of cloud, pillar of fire, where dost thou lead? * * * God hath not left Himself without a witness. There is still a party in the land to be helped onward to success by women. There is one party now despised for the single reason that it lacks majorities and commands no high positions as the rewards of skilful leadership or wily caucusing, but which declares as its cardinal doctrine that a government is impotent indeed which can not protect the lowliest home within its borders from the aggressions of the vilest saloon that would destroy that home. It declares all other issues trifling when compared with this, and insists that the "home guards" shall be armed with the ballot as a home-protection weapon. Here, then, let us invest our loyalty, our faith and works, our songs and prayers. To-day that party is Endymion, the unknown youth; but the friendship of Diana, the clear-eyed queen of heaven, shall make for it friends, until it becomes regnant and the two reign side by side. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union was never weak, but it is a giant now.

Let no man say, "But you have not the ballot yet and must not expect recognition from a party." Be it well understood, we do not come as empty-handed suppliants, but as victorious allies. Our soldiers are not raw recruits, but veterans wearing well-won laurels. We have no more to gain than God has given us to bestow. Let not the lessons of history be disregarded. Of old, the world had its Semiramis and Dido, its Zenobia and Boadicea; nay, better still, its Miriam and Deborah. Later on, Russia had her Catharine and England her Elizabeth. But in my thoughts I always liken the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the Joan of Arc whom God raised up for France and who, in spite of their muscle and their military prowess, beat the English and

crowned her king! But evermore she heard and heeded heavenly voices, and God grant that we may hear and heed them evermore! To the martyrdom of public rebuke and criticism they will surely lead us, a sacrifice not easy for gentle hearts to bear; but following where those voices lead, we shall steadily pass onward from the depths of this world's pain to the heights of eternity's peace; and, best of all, we shall help to lift humanity, so weak and so bewildered, nearer to the law, the life, the freedom of God.

Strong drink has carried more victims to the grave, in America, than has war.—*Dwight L. Moody.*

Intoxicants make a man believe he takes them moderately, when he is on the highroad to ruin.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

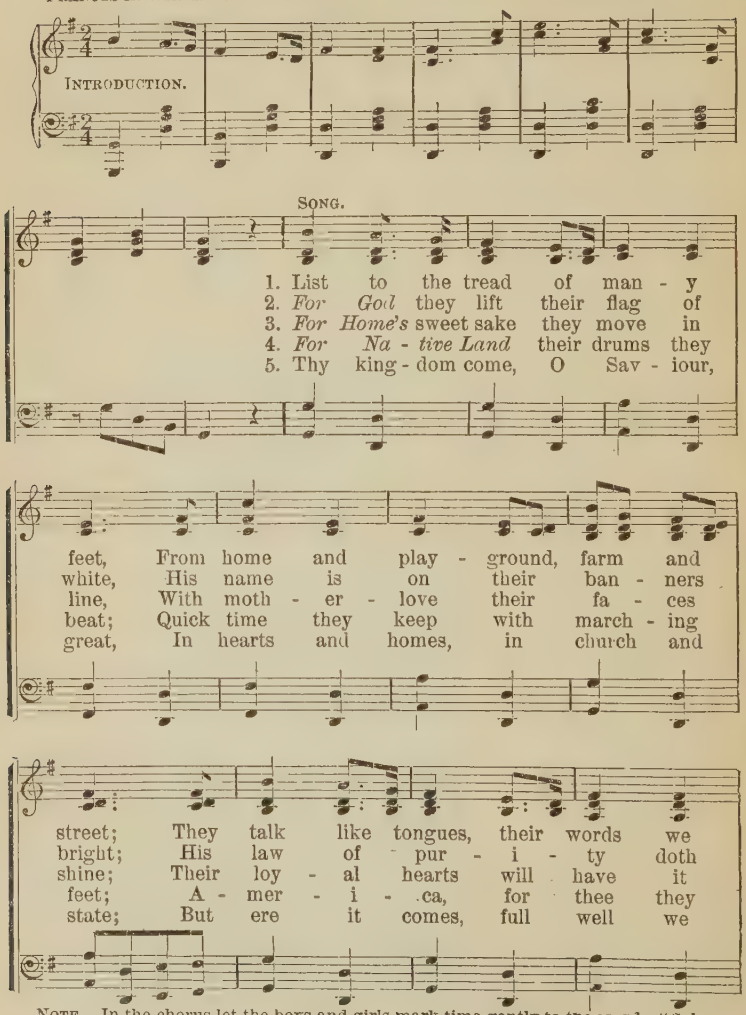
Ah, nobler is that triumph hour, the disenthralled shall find,
When evil passion boweth down, unto the Godlike mind.
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

First, for your own sake, throw the drink aside,
Let Temperance be your helpmate and your guide;
Next, for the sake of weaker ones, abstain,
And strive to win the drunkard back again.
Oh, for His sake, who came to save the lost,
"Rescue the perishing" at whatever cost,
And lift your voice in palace or in cot,
A voice of warning—"Touch it not!"—*W. A. Eaton.*

Were the sky over our heads one great whispering-gallery, bringing down about us all the lamentation and woe that intemperance creates, and the firm earth one sonorous medium of sound, bringing up around us from beneath the wailings of the lost, whom the commerce of ardent spirits had sent thither,—these tremendous realities, assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience and give decision to our purpose of reformation.—*Lyman Beecher.*

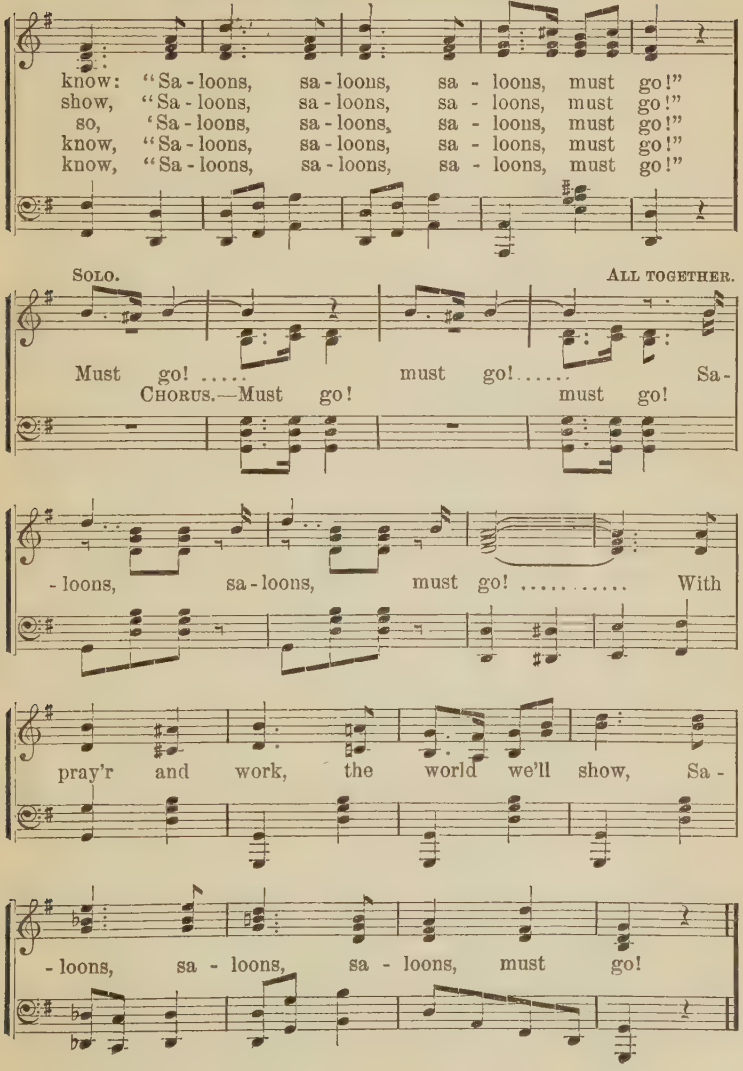
SALOONS MUST GO!

FRANCES E. WILLARD. CHARLES T. KIMBALL.



NOTE.—In the chorus let the boys and girls mark time gently to the words, "Saloons, saloons, saloons, must go!"

SALOONS MUST GO! Concluded.



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